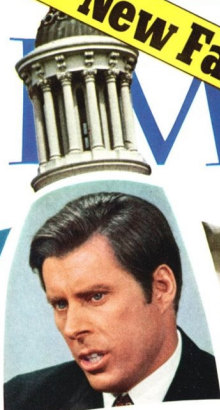


FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 16, 1970

New Faces of 1970

TIME



TUNNEY



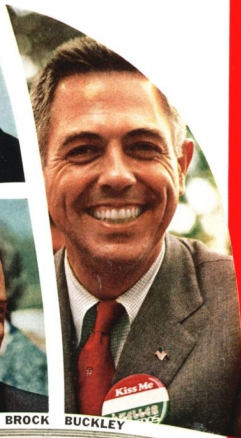
BROCK

BUCKLEY

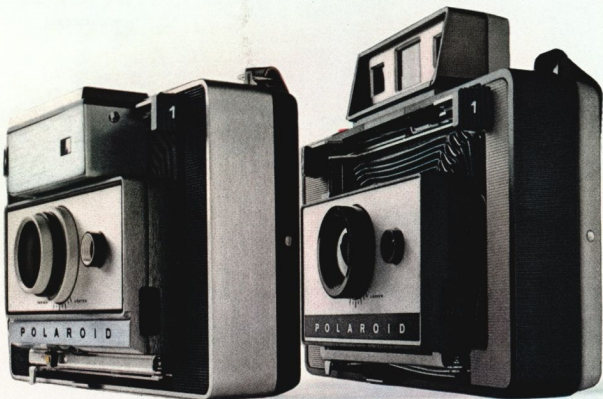
BUCKLEY



STEVENSON



Polaroid®



Under \$160

Under \$60

There'd better be a good reason.

Both of these Polaroid Land cameras will give you a great color picture in a minute. A black-and-white one in seconds.

And completely automatic exposures even for flash shots.

But the camera on the left will do things you would not believe.

It even tells you when your picture is perfectly developed.

(An electronic development timer sounds off with a sharp little "beep.")

Its electric eye and electronic shutter are so sensitive they'll set any kind of exposure automatically.

Color time exposures up to 10 seconds long. Even black-and-white snapshots indoors. Without flash.

This camera is brilliantly equipped. Zeiss Ikon single-window rangefinder-viewfinder (you frame your picture while you focus). Sharp triplet lens. Strong, lightweight metal body finished in brushed chrome.

And with optional attachments, this camera takes portraits, self-portraits, and close-ups as close as 9 inches.

You can still save about \$100 with the one on the right.

Just tell yourself money is everything.

Polaroid

This strange balloon inflates, deflates and saves your life—all in less than a second.

It's called the air bag.

It's designed to do its job automatically—protecting people and cushioning impact in an automobile crash.

Over 56,000 Americans were killed in crashes last year—and thousands of them could have been saved by the air bag or some other effective passive-restraint system.

Obviously, that's a saving worth trying for. You think so, and so does Allstate.

By cutting the traffic slaughter by thousands—and reducing serious injuries by hundreds of thousands as predicted—we can also hold down the cost of insurance.

The air bag is still in the research stage. Other promising forms of passive restraint are also being studied. Every auto manufacturer is working



One of the systems currently being tested is General Motors Corporation's Safety Air Cushion. The air bag is stored under the auto dashboard. Sensors release compressed air into bag—even before impact of crash has moved dummy toward windshield. Dummy is protected from crashing into windshield or instrument panel. Porous bag deflates completely in less than a second.

hard to develop a system that will save lives and reduce serious injuries. What's needed is a uniform standard throughout the U.S., requiring every new car to have an effective passive-restraint mechanism.

If you'd like more information on the various passive-restraint systems currently undergoing extensive testing, just write Safety Director, Dept A, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.



This "security blanket," another passive restraint, is also undergoing tests. (It is a Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. design.)

Allstate®

Let's make driving a good thing again.



Avis. We try harder. Won't you?

Avis rents sparkling new Plymouths and other fine cars.

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Avis is putting a litter bag in every new Plymouth and other fine car we rent.
We started doing that years ago.
But what good are litter bags if people don't use them?
Won't you please try harder, too?

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Maybe you've already discovered that you don't automatically get automatic color, automatic tuning and a brighter picture tube in a color TV. Unless you pay a premium price, get an oversized screen or an oversized cabinet.

Or unless you get a Panasonic. Because we put all the special automatic features in all our screen sizes from 12" (measured diagonally) up to our biggest. And as far as we can tell, we're the only manufacturer who does.

But when you get a Panasonic color TV, the only thing that's a work of art is the picture.

*We also have an all Solid-State 9" color TV for miniaturization fanatics.

Our cabinets aren't Michigan Mediterranean. Instead, they're sleek contemporary jobs of chrome, midnight black and walnut grain. Which we think looks a lot better in most living rooms than anything else.

As for our automatic color, it's so automatic all you see are the results. Like skin colors that never look like a case of third-degree sunburn.

And getting our automatic picture is as simple as pressing a button. Once. After which the perfect picture stays perfect. Even if you switch channels or rooms.

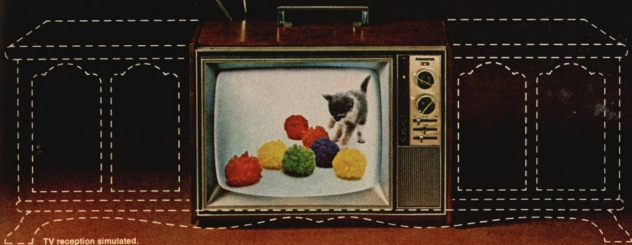
Our brighter picture tube

is similar to the ones you pay extra for in the big expensive sets. But it's the only kind of color tube we make.

If you're looking for a color TV, ask any Panasonic dealer for the size you want. And take it for granted that you'll get all the works, instead of a working over.



You can get all the works without paying for all the woodwork.

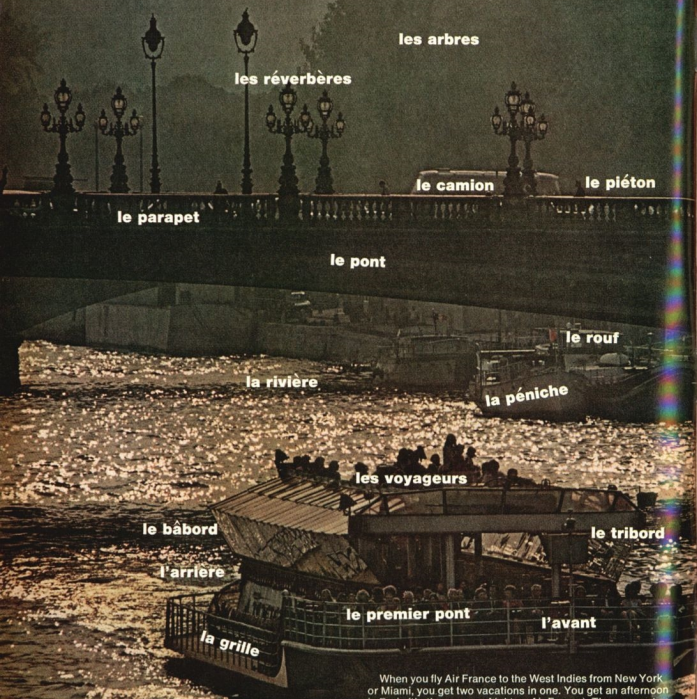


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The 5 o'clock Funnel

From the thoughts to the steno pads, the steno
pads to the typewriters, the typewriters
to the stationery, the stationery to
the signatures, the signatures
to the envelopes, and the
envelopes to—

what?

The after-four traffic jam, when—from every
department everywhere—all the letters and
packages are funnelled to one mailing place?
Funnelled to one bottleneck to stick? Stall?
Stop.

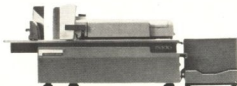
If so, you need the Mail Pump. The automatic
Mail Pump—The Pitney-Bowes Automatic
Postage Meter Machine. It takes the letters by
the stack—the letters and the packages—in
every weight and every size, from every depart-
ment everywhere, and puts the right postage
on, and postmarks and pre-cancels it, seals
all the envelopes, keeps track of all the post-
age used, and between four and five o'clock
—with no delays, no overtime—pump, pump
automatically, pumps all the mail OUT.

The Pitney-Bowes automatic self-feeding
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sizes—depending on your mailing needs—
and, to speed you even more, it can even sign
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The Mail Pump



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Our mortgage division is led by an elite group of professionals who are backed by an army of the country's most active institutional lenders.

We never hesitate to call up the reserves, either. Like an alliance of

midwestern banks. Or a large pension trust. Whatever it is, it probably won't be a traditional source of mortgage financing. Because we change the rules of real estate financing as fast as battle conditions demand.

And we use the same kind of daring to develop a financing program that fits your needs. Whether it's a standard mortgage, a sale-lease back, or even full participation.

So. If tight money is choking off your interim or long-range project financing, call on Baird & Warner.

It could be a blessing in disguise.

Baird & Warner

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A small black and white photograph of a man and a woman standing close together under a single umbrella, suggesting rain. The man is wearing a hat and a light-colored jacket, and the woman is wearing a dark jacket.

don't endure.
enjoy

A large, modern catamaran sailboat with a tall mast and a sail featuring blue and white diagonal stripes. The boat is on the water, with a city skyline and mountains in the background.

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The Beachcomber's got everything going for it. Every one of our large air-conditioned rooms has its own lanai and refrigerator. There's a beautiful pool and landscaped sundeck to enjoy. Great dining and entertainment right in the hotel at Don the Beachcomber's Supper Club. And anything else you might need to add to your beachcombing pleasure. The price? As low as \$17 for doubles.

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Steamboat has always been the home of American champions. It's produced more Olympic skiers than any other place in the United States.

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Or maybe it's the extra skiing you can do when you don't have to wait in lift lines. Things will move even faster this year. We've added a brand-new high-speed gondola. Total lift capacity is now 6300 people per hour.

Maybe you should find out about Steamboat for yourself. One taste of the Western hospitality and you'll feel like the Kidd himself... wanted.


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Great Skiing makes great skiers.

For Information Contact Steamboat Resort Service,
P.O. Box 297, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477.



Another Poor Report Card...

But it really isn't a surprise. Because it looks like all the other report cards your boy has been bringing home for so very long. Sure, he promised to do better this semester. But that's something you've heard before. And if you talk to his teachers again, they'll say some other things that sound familiar. Like "He's a bright boy, but he's lazy. He just isn't motivated."

The professional staff at Educational Resources disagree. We think most underachievers are highly motivated — motivated to fail! Failure is so important to the underachiever that he will organize his life around it. The failure provides him with a real rationale for not having to grow up. After all, if he can stay in school long enough, he may never have to decide

what he wants to do with his life.

Fortunately, there is something concerned parents can now do to help their underachievers get out of the bind they are in. They can contact Educational Resources. If *both* parents would like to talk to us, they can call us at 973-2115 to set up a consultation interview with any one of the Educational Resources professional staff.

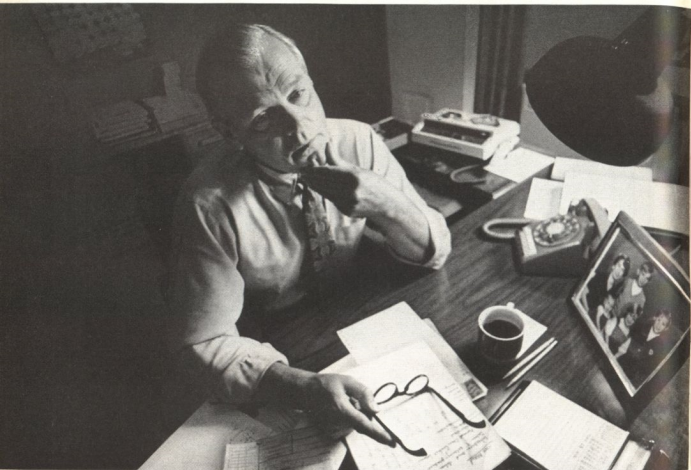
At that time we'll tell you whether we think we might be able to help your son or daughter. And if we can't help, we'll suggest someone who can.



Chicago, 312/973-2115 • Los Angeles, 213/274-6665
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES, INC. An Educational Service

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will help you plan for the future. He's solved problems like yours before. Such as providing adequate funds for estate taxes, deciding whether to keep control of the business in the family and, most important, insuring your family's income.

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First National Bank
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Personal Trust Service

Have students gone too far, or haven't schools gone far enough?



No two ways about it — our educational system is in trouble. And something has to be done about it. Sit-ins and drop-outs. Demonstrations and destruction. Walk-outs and take-overs.

Are the students wrong? Are their demands unreasonable? Or are they right? Have schools failed to keep up with educational needs — in facilities and methods, teachers and courses of study?

What do you think? They are your schools and your students. Your taxes support them both. And both deserve the support

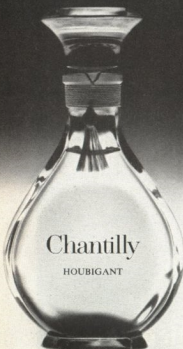
of your opinions, pro or con. So put your opinions about important issues like this on paper. And send them to where they can help influence decisions. To your Congressman, to your school board, to your state and city officials.

We hope you'll write on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not... write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa., maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.

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world.
(And yours.)



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Gift sets from \$5 to \$25.

HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

LETTERS

That Special Gift

Sir: To attempt to brag about your "special gift to homogenize a diverse society" in your "American Notes" [Oct. 26] at the moment when your neighbor is burying a murdered leader is the height of cruelty and conceit. Undoubtedly there were Canadians who expressed feelings other than anguish when American leaders were murdered—but for those of us who consider you a friend, your words are senseless. You owe us a retraction.

R. WARREN PHILLIPS
Pointe Claire, Que.

Sir: From the same people who brought us Viet Nam, Watts, Kent State and Chicago now comes the secret ingredient behind all these blockbusters: "America's special gift . . . to subdue tribal turmoil and to homogenize . . . a diverse society." As Quebecers (and Canadians) recovering from recent violence, we can only despair that our nation, too, does not possess this unique quality.

GREN NORTON
DERK VAN DASSEN
CATHY HOLDWAY
Montreal

Sir: Gift? A distressing choice of terms.
ROBERT F. QUAINANCE JR.
Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

Here Stands a Man

Sir: As a former Canadian citizen of French extraction fed up with the spineless approach of American authorities to law-and-order, I say "Hurrah for Pierre Trudeau" [Oct. 26]. Here stands a man nine feet tall, unafraid of the manic minorities. May the powers-that-be in America take heed—while there are still powers-that-be to take heed.

LORRAINE CROTEAU MEAD
Anchorage, Alaska

Sir: Trudeau for U.S. President!
JULIUS WOLFF
Baltimore

Suggestion from Kent

Sir: The indictments of students and professors rather than National Guardsmen at Kent State [Oct. 26] suggest that it is a crime to throw rocks and shout obscenities, yet legally justified to fire bullets into a crowd of people.

GEORGE F. ELLING
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sir: The thing about Kent State was that professor standing on the hill overlooking the "battleground." He was quoted as saying, when he became aware that blood was flowing, "My God, this is for real!" Well, for goodness sake, did he think it wasn't? Do the students think they are playing games? Maybe they'll put away the rocks and dynamite and the rest of their little toys and go home if we get the message across strongly enough—"You're damn right it's for real!"

(Mrs.) PAULA BERNARDI
Pleasanton, Calif.

Sir: The Ohio grand jury findings made me violently ill. It's funny, but for some reason I thought that somewhere, somehow, justice could and would be found

for those four martyrs. I knew and laughed with Sandy Scheuer. I lived in Youngstown for 18 years and loved it. I was proud to say I was from Ohio. Now I can't say it with the same pride. Pretty soon it's going to be hard to say I'm from America.

SHARON GARFIELD
Philadelphia

Sir: According to the logic of the grand jury, the party guilty of inciting to riot ends up to be President Nixon. His order of troops to Cambodia caused the peaceful antiwar rally, which caused the order to disperse, which caused the students to ignore the order, which caused the arrival of troops, which caused a confrontation, which caused frightened, ill-trained young men to feel endangered, which caused the killing of four students, which caused the violence and horror of Indochina to be brought home hard to Middle America.

JOSEPH SABA
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: Why don't we let the Ohio grand jury investigate My Lai? We could then accuse the women and children.

ROBERT M. SCHIFFMAN
Jersey City, N.J.

The Baffling Professor

Sir: TIME is correct in pointing out the aura of bafflement surrounding the Angela Davis affair [Oct. 26]. Miss Davis is variously described as "brilliant," "cerebral," "rational," and we are told that she chose active membership in the Communist Party, U.S.A. because of her commitment to strict Marxist rationality. But her advocacy of freedom in the "act of refusal" is not consistent with the determinist world view of dialectical materialism, which leads any good Communist ideologue to define freedom as the recognition of necessity and to dismiss any other notion as bourgeois sentiment. Nor did her flamboyant Afro coiffure lend itself to the proper image of an austere Communist. And her association with a spoiled playboy who had Communist connections is the stuff of an Irving Wallace novel. So what gives? Are the Communists using Miss Davis to revamp their dreary image? Is Angela using the Communists and the sensationalist media to put us all on? Or beneath all those academic trappings, is Prof. Davis simply a crazy, mixed-up broad?

SP5 JOHN R. DUNLAP
APO New York

Sir: When the U.C.L.A. board of regents refused to renew the contract of Angela Davis, they justified their action on the ground that she talked too much. According to some, she believed in free speech only when she had her mouth open. But this was not the reason for her actual discharge: it was for talking anywhere and everywhere (except at U.C.L.A.) as a proclaimed member of the Communist Party. And now she runs to keep from talking to anyone anywhere about anything.

CHARLES H. MANAUGH
Los Angeles

Hemlock All Around

Sir: A bust of Socrates in Vice President Agnew's office [Oct. 26] is utterly inappropriate and misleading. Socrates was a true champion of moderation and reason, a great teacher who fearlessly sought




The Liqueur that comes from a very good family.

The Chivas Brothers, who make Chivas Regal, also make the Scotch that goes into Lochan Ora Liqueur. Although we begin Lochan Ora at home

we go as far as Curacao and Ceylon to bring you the subtle flavors to blend with our Scotch. Lochan Ora. From a family with excellent taste.

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How'd you like to pay this electric bill?

A few years from now you just might not mind at all. Because you might not have an "electric bill". You, and the owner of this home, may be able to produce all the electricity you need with a "fuel cell" powered by natural gas. The same natural gas that saves you so much money on heating, cooling and cooking today.

The gas fuel cell makes electricity chemically. Natural gas is piped in. It takes a safe chemical bath...and comes out

electricity! Enough electricity for lights, TV, stereo, kitchen appliances, power tools and all the little labor-saving, luxury-living gadgets that are here today or on their way.

When can you order yours? Not just yet...but maybe sooner than you think. We have a working model of the gas fuel cell now. And yours could be ready before long. If you have natural gas, you're all set. For you, we're going to make electricity as economical and dependable as natural gas.

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**Northern Illinois
Gas Company**



Domesticated. Not declawed.

The manners of this cat are impeccable. But its instincts—to spring, sprint, maneuver—are uninhibited.

Because we put tooth and claw into this animal when we build it. And then we test it, time and again, to make sure the instincts remain.

Example: after the parts have been balanced individually, the entire power train—engine, clutch, transmission—is balanced as a unit. Not just for power, but for stealth.

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Under this animal's lithe, monocoque shell lurks a twin-overhead camshaft engine that displaces 4.2 litres. At 60 mph, the engine turns at

less than half its red-line mark of 5500 rpm. Jaguar has enormous reserve power.

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If you think all this makes the car incredibly safe, responsive and swift, you're right. If you

think all this makes it unattainable, you're wrong. The XKE convertible costs only \$5,734*.

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For the name of your nearest Jaguar dealer and information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-4299 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

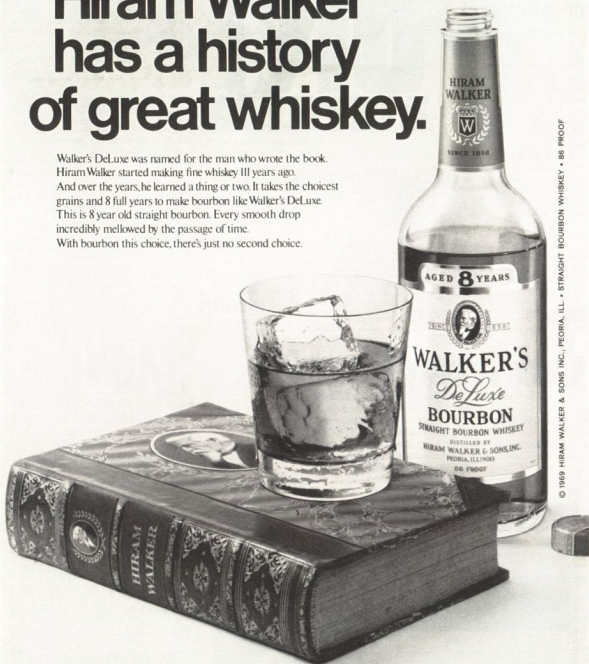
Jaguar



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price N.Y. P.O.E. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, state and local taxes, if any. Whitewalls are optional at extra cost.

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But if Italy isn't enough skiing for you we'll throw in a couple of countries like France and Austria and Switzerland. No matter where you want to go, Alitalia Airlines can help you out. In fact, we've got enough different ski packages to satisfy any skier's dream. And wallet.

So send for our brochures with our coupon. The natives call the Italian Alps the sunny side of the Alps. You'll call it the inexpensive side, too.

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(Olin Ski Company's New Mark I.)

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ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

the truth regardless of self. Aristophanes, one of the men responsible for permanently silencing the voice of Socrates, is described thusly in the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana*:

"[His] . . . writing is flavored with coarse invective, conservative prejudice, championship of rural life, animosity toward urban society, irresponsible lampoonery, and inconsistent buffoonery. Utilizing satire, he denounced new trends in education, literature, music, theology, philosophy, science and politics, and he denounced or ridiculed personalities behind these innovations."

OSCAR ROSEN, PH.D.
Associate Professor of History
Wisconsin State University
Whitewater, Wis.

Sir: Socrates—the bearded, sandaled, hippie-type, radical-liberal antiestablishmentarian—must be laughing up his invisible sleeve as he looks over the shoulder of Agnew at the latter's pretentious, choleric, sesquipedalian prose.

SARAH MONTROYA
Monterey Park, Calif.

Feelings of Sympathy

Sir: I was delighted with your article on my *The Boys and Girls Book About Divorce* (Oct. 26). You have accurately described my central point—that parents should be honest with children. However, you have emphasized those aspects of the book that encourage the child to assert himself against being victimized. You have not given enough attention to my attempt to foster in him feelings of sympathy for his parents' plight and appreciation that some of his pains are not

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Another in a series of progress reports from General Development Corporation.

The new Florida we're building will still be a haven in the 21st Century.

"We have made a commitment to the future. Our communities have been thoughtfully built so that the people who come here will always enjoy the same bright sun, sparkling water, clean air—the same quality of life we offer today."

—Charles H. Kellstadt

Is it possible to build a thoroughly civilized community in a natural Eden—and still preserve the character of the Eden?

Can the living be totally "modern," with all the amenities, and yet maintain peace with nature?

For 13 years, General Development has been building a haven like that, here in the new Florida.

This is the land of fresh starts. Three hundred square miles of high, dry pine land, divided among seven locations on both coasts of Florida. Well south of the reach of winter. The natural environment is so pleasing that it has attracted people from all 50 States to the General Development communities, including our three largest, Port Charlotte, Port St. Lucie, and Port Malabar.

If you were to visit the new Florida, you would find neighborhoods of curving streets and remarkably varied architecture. Schools and churches, playgrounds and places of recreation that form natural "hubs" of interest. Shopping centers and clubs planned for attractiveness and convenience. Paved roads, canals, culverts, bridges and

dams.

And yet, in our planning, acres of unusual beauty are being retained in their natural state.

Long before "Ecology" became a national watchword, General Development maintained a game preserve at Port St. Lucie.

The same environmental awareness has led to the appointment of a full-time aquatic ecology director.

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Quick Facts Nearly 30,000 residents. 240,000 homesites sold through 1969. 10,000 stockholders. The only Florida land company which has met the rigid requirements for listing on the New York Stock Exchange. Total assets over \$250 million.

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2					

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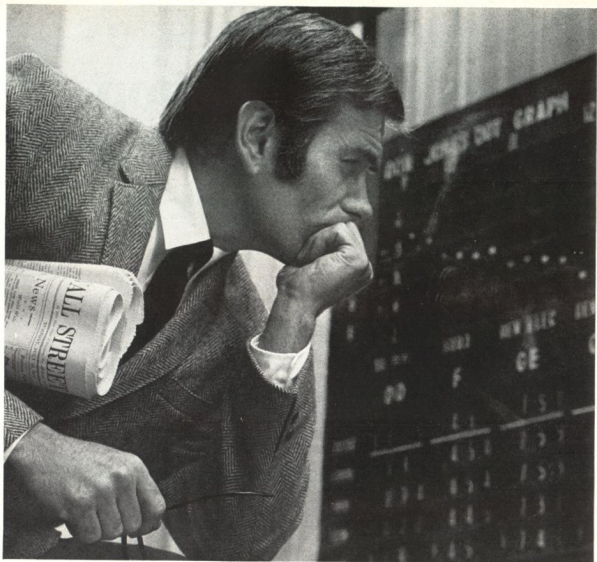
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List all additional drivers in your household:

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				%	%
				%	%
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The case against Tuesday.

There is a small but vocal element in our midst which thinks this Tuesday thing (as you know, we have appointed Tuesday the day to drink Teacher's Scotch) is a lot of tomfoolery.



This group feels strongly that we should place our advertising emphasis on Teacher's uniquely mellow flavour and its distinguished Highland lineage.

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Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

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Stainless steel can take a lot of guff, that's why. It won't crack under pressure. You can't chip it. Or peel, flake or blister it.

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That's why it's so perfect for dishwashers. We make our tanks, inner

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Sure, plastic-coated and porcelain dishwashers cost less. But why do they cost less? Why does anything cost less.



To introduce you to Cascade, America's #1 dishwasher detergent, Cascade provides full-size samples for each dishwasher and shares the cost of this ad by agreement with Waste King.

The stainless steel dishwasher.

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due to deliberate hostility on his parents' part, but rather to misguidance, ignorance and helplessness.

RICHARD A. GARDNER, M.D.
Columbia University
Manhattan

Freedom Now?

Sir: So Salvador Allende [Oct. 19] believes "man is freed when he has an economic position that guarantees him work, food, housing, health, rest and recreation." That kind of "freedom" can be found in prison, but then that may be what Allende has in mind for Chile.

JERRY NORTON
Suitland, Md.

Sir: Intrigued by your marvelous cold war headline, MARXIST THREAT IN THE AMERICAS, I read on to see who is being threatened. Apparently it's some U.S. copper firms, the telephone company, and assorted juntas. Somehow, I'm not alarmed. I am, however, irritated by your persistent assumption that any form of Marxism enjoying any form of success in any part of the world is, *ipso facto*, a threat. This kind of thinking gave us Viet Nam. And it ignores the obvious: non-Marxist politicians have generally failed to meet the needs of the masses. I suggest we let our humanity transcend our cold war reflexes and hope that the people of Latin America are finding some kind of solution to their problems. We haven't been much help.

MICHAEL DODGE
St. Paul, Minn.

Alienating the Able

Sir: If the armed services are serious about removing unnecessary irritants of military life [Oct. 26], they would be wise to revise their regulations to make military service more attractive to women. For instance, at the present time, married men in the service may collect a housing allowance regardless of the economic condition of their wives, but a married female cannot collect a housing allowance even if she totally supports her husband. This, and other sex-oriented disparities, are alienating many able women who would otherwise find military life pleasant and highly productive.

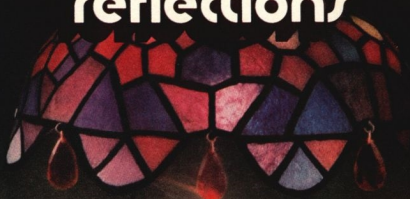
(Mrs.) SHARRON FRONTIERO
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Montgomery, Ala.

The Hams What Am

Sir: You had a rather good story about electronic pollution [Oct. 26], but you apparently had a semantics problem at one point, perhaps in trying to translate idiom. U.S. radio amateurs, or "hams," and "radio lovers" in the U.S.S.R. are highly skilled, service-minded hobbyists who—in both countries—have to pass stiff exams to operate their radio equipment. They'd be the last people to play games on airport frequencies because they fully appreciate the importance of uninterrupted communications, not to mention being fully aware of the penalties for such acts. Amateurs have a couple of colorful epithets for such "hooligans": as figured in your story: "pirates" and "bootleggers."

PERRY F. WILLIAMS, WIUED
The American Radio Relay League Inc.
Newington, Conn.

reflections



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Our new Ultra-Rectangular Screen contributes an enormous picture. The biggest there is.

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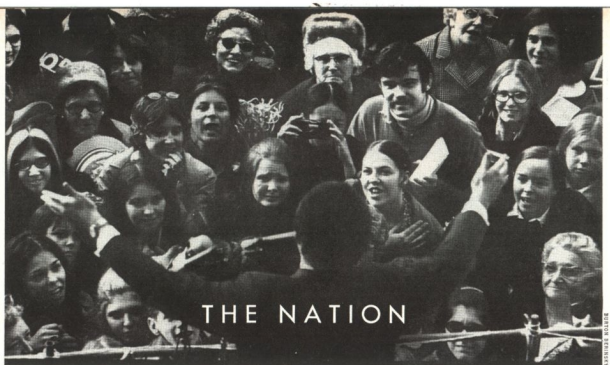
And remember: Magnavox is beautiful furniture, too.

Designed by prideful craftsmen who love the look of wood.

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We repeat:

You're home with Magnavox.



CAMPAIGN RALLY IN CONNECTICUT

AMERICAN NOTES

Back to Normalcy

For a while, as newspapers and television were given over to the final days of the campaign and analyses of results, it seemed that the only news was election news. But normalcy—or what passes for it—quickly returns. The delegates to the Paris peace talks met for the 91st time and reported no progress. Four men completed a hazardous voyage on a raft from Ecuador to Australia to prove that American Indians could have sailed across the Pacific. American B-52 bombers once again flew missions over the Ho Chi Minh Trail to stem a North Vietnamese buildup in the Demilitarized Zone. Ralph Nader was locked in another safety battle with General Motors. The WAVES got a new chief, the eighth in their history. Commander Robin Quigley. The holiday season's first gift suggestion for the patriot who has everything was marketed by a California firm: the All-American candle that when burned gives off the scent of (Right on, Mom!) apple pie. Most normal, if not atavistic, of all, the *Saturday Evening Post* vowed to publish again for Middle America (see *THE PRESS*), complete with a Norman Rockwell painting on the first cover. Once the election clamor had died, Americans returned to the triumphs and disappointments of a world in which little had changed.

And Back to Politics

The fatigue of both candidates and voters has yet to lift from the 1970 campaign, and already, inevitably there is talk of '72. The Democrats are looking over the ranks with an eye to burnishing their boys for the run on the White House; the telephone calls to set up clandestine campaign organizations

are even now being placed. The strategists in the White House are searching for adjustments in the machinery that will keep them in power for another term. In slightly more than a year, the presidential primaries will open in New Hampshire.

Politics may be the very life of the American system as well as the nation's greatest spectator sport. But a time does come when the voter feels glazed, like a football fan who has watched New Year's Day bowl games played out across the time zones. The amount of money spent, the emotion and brain power diverted from the business of governing, make two reforms imperative. Campaign spending must be curbed or equalized, to end the scandalous situation in which, more and more often, political office in the U.S. is a rich man's prize. Also, campaigns should be considerably shortened, preferably to a civilized few weeks as in Britain, instead of being virtually year-round affairs.

The Un-Magic of TV

Throughout the campaign, the political uses of television advertising and packaging of candidates were heralded by proponents as the inescapable wave of the future and by doomsayers as the ominous forerunner of 1984. The voters issued different ratings. On balance, the Almighty Tube gave and it took away: of 26 clients in statewide races managed by media experts, 13 won and an equal number lost. Television was undeniably effective in primary campaigns where virtually unknown opponents vied for voter recognition.

But often opposing batteries of TV spots merely cancel each other—or backfire. In the Utah senatorial contest, Republican Representative Laurence

Burton posed sitting on a horse, his shirt open. The candidate looked so uncomfortable that Utah's cowboys and city folk laughed him off the screen and out of the race.

In Florida, Republican William Cramer poured nearly \$100,000 into commercials. His opponent, State Senator Lawton Chiles, set out on a 1,000-mile hike through Florida, which captured everyone's imagination and appeared regularly on the evening news. Chiles walked into the Senate seat virtually free of charge. Plainly, no one should overestimate the political magic of TV.

The Middle Voter

Shortly before the campaign began in earnest, Political Statisticians Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg published a book, *The Real Majority*, that was to underscore President Nixon's 1970 strategy. The typical American voter, the authors argued, could be found at the political center. They sketched a portrait: "The Middle Voter is a 47-year-old housewife from the outskirts of Dayton whose husband is a machinist." Scammon and Wattenberg did not have a real person in mind, but a Dayton newspaper and the local machinists' union decided that she was Mrs. Bette Lowrey of suburban Fairborn. In an article about her in *LIFE*, she declared herself deeply troubled about drugs, violence and other "social issues," but she was not sure that the Agnew line provided the answer.

So how did she vote? Mrs. Lowrey, a registered Democrat, voted the straight party line. Although she has split her ticket in the past, the demands of her newly acquired celebrity status left her no time to "study the issues." Explained Mrs. Lowrey: "When in doubt, stick to your party."

And Now, Looking Toward 1972

Winning isn't everything. It is the only thing.

—The late Vince Lombardi, often quoted by Richard Nixon

IN politics, as in history, the past is prologue. On the morning after the midterm election, the party professionals—the men whose prime concern is how to fashion a presidential victory in 1972 rather than how to put the best public face on the instant returns—had no illusions about the outcome. An exuberant Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien declared: "We're back in business." Understandably reticent about being identified, an official of the Republican National Committee was bitter and angry. Said he: "I have never seen so much money, time and energy misspent in all my time in politics."

Despite White House claims that Republicans had scored "a tremendous success," G.O.P. defeats lay all about. Democratic leaders brandished numerous trophies of their victory. They had increased their control of the House of Representatives by nine votes. They had wrested at least twelve states out of the hands of Republican Governors while yielding only two, in the process turning back strong Republican challenges in the South and sealing the Midwest, the traditional Republican heartland. They had captured legislative chambers in at least eight states, while Republicans had lost ground in another 29. Only in the U.S. Senate could Republicans claim a gain—three seats at best, two if the undecided Indiana race goes against them. Yet even that gain was diminished by G.O.P. early assertions that the party's goal was nothing less than seven seats and the takeover of the Senate.

Vulnerable Retinue. Publicly, however, Richard Nixon maintained a pose of pleasure at the results (see box, following page). He certainly could take satisfaction in the defeat of liberal Democratic Senators Albert Gore in Tennessee and Joseph Tydings in Maryland, and the election of Republicans Robert Taft Jr. in Ohio and Lowell Weicker Jr. in Connecticut. Most spectacularly, Nixon had read New York's liberal Republican Charles Goodell out of the G.O.P. and helped conservatism triumph in the person of James Buckley. Republican Governors Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan had won handily in the nation's two largest states.

Yet the only basis for the Republicans' claims of overall success in the election was a negative one: they had held their losses below what a President's party normally loses in an off-year election. That historical pattern of mid-term defeats does exist, but it usually results after a President has won his own office so strongly two years previously that he has brought in marginal candidates; these then become vulnerable

when they run on their own. Nixon had no such vulnerable retinue: he was the first incoming President since Zachary Taylor in 1848 to fail to bring with him a majority in either chamber.

Muskie Ahead. Before the election, the Democratic Party was \$9.3 million in debt, leaderless and dispirited. Many Democrats wondered how they could put up any real resistance to the unprecedented off-year blitz undertaken by Nixon and Vice President Spiro Agnew. Now the party has a host of new stars that can attract crowds at fund-raising affairs. It has important patronage and organizational springboards in such key states as those in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Florida, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Moreover, all the new Governors and the Democratic legislatures will have a voice in redrawing congressional district lines by 1972, thus influencing national politics for a decade.

Suddenly the Democratic presidential aspirants were looking at the 1972 nomination as an opportunity rather than a sacrifice. Working hardest was Maine Senator Edmund Muskie, whose selection as his party's TV spokesman on election eve, as well as his effective performance in that telecast, put him ahead of the pack. He hired a staff to send telegrams to Democratic candidates throughout the country, even some obscure losers, congratulating them on their campaign efforts.

Styling himself a "harmonizer," Freshman Senator-elect Hubert Humphrey nevertheless conceded that if the nomination were offered, "I'd take it." Re-elected impressively in Massachusetts, Senator Edward Kennedy said that he would serve a full term—but he vowed to oppose Nixon on the war, the economy and minority problems. South Dakota Senator George McGovern is expected to announce his candidacy first, possibly next month, while Indiana's Birch Bayh and Iowa's Har-

old Hughes are eager for the nomination.

All this optimism was premature. Hinging as it does on countless local issues and personalities, a mid-term election need not be considered a reflection of presidential strength. Yet Nixon, to an unusual degree, had shaped a national Republican strategy in this election, then gone out with Agnew to push it in a most personal and partisan way. Their plan was to exploit what they sensed as a conservative drift in the nation, caused by rising impatience with student unrest, crime, pornography and the bombs and bullets of revolutionaries. But Nixon has often before displayed a dangerous tendency to overdo and overstate what he considers a good thing, and he evidently did so again. The shrill pitch did not work. Democrats found it necessary to me-too the Republicans on the law-and-order issue, and millions of voters evidently did not believe that most Demo-

DON CARL STEFFER



NIXON AFTER VOTING
A diminished presidency.

OLIPHANT—DENVER POST



cratic candidates favored violence or rock throwers. Many voters seemed far more concerned about the state of the economy than about vaguely defined "permissivists" and "radic-lib" in government. Rising unemployment was the one issue that Democrats used effectively and sometimes unfairly against the White House.

Nixon risked much of the political reserve that a President possesses and created new problems for himself. Despite his claims of having achieved an ideological "working majority" in the Senate, few major issues have been close enough to be affected by a minor shift. An exception was the 50-50 tie by which an attempt to block ABM was defeated. The only major fight he lost by a narrow vote was the nomination of G. Harold Carswell to the Supreme Court; the four appropriations bills Nixon vetoed had all been passed by overwhelming margins, and he was able to sustain the veto in two cases. The Democrats whom Nixon tried to defeat are now much less likely to work with him, and Republican moderates and liberals are incensed about the elimination of Goodell. "There're going to be fewer Pavlovian responses around here," predicted one senatorial assistant.

Partisan Rhetoric. Did Nixon and Agnew misread the conservative trend? Probably not. But they apparently underestimated the quality of American conservatism and held it cheap. A great many American voters who are determined to defend U.S. institutions and values against the attacks of the youthful counterculture seek effective programs rather than partisan rhetoric.

In stirring up the voters, Nixon seemed to forget that his is a minority party—and the high voter turnout worked against him. In several races, the Administration misgauged the independence of many voters, who picked and chose in an unusual display of ticket-splitting. Observes *TIME* Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sides: "Never has the American voter so totally thumbled his nose at outside interference, money, buncombe, hate and the lofty lamentations of the pious. Particularly in the last ten days, Nixon's campaign was an appeal to narrowness and selfishness and an insult to the American intelligence. He diminished the presidency."

Campaign wounds, of course, heal quickly, and a certain amount of rhetorical violence is accepted and forgiven in U.S. politics. By lowering his voice—as he surely will—and turning to the daily task of building a record on which he can run in 1972, the President can control many of the events that will shape his re-election chances. He must act to get the economy under control, and he must move back toward the center, where majority opinion in the nation lies. It would be surprising if he did not learn from this election that divisive politics do not work and that he must become the politician, as well as the President, of all the people.

Issues That Lost Men

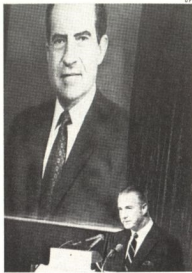
THE essence of the campaign was there on the three networks in 30 minutes of election-eve prime time. The Republicans bought the first quarter-hour to rerun Richard Nixon's speech at a Phoenix rally two days earlier. The Democrats purchased the second segment to present Senator Edmund Muskie, speaking from a study in Cape Elizabeth, Me. The contrast was telling.

The President was agitated, stern in a noisy setting, and the victim of a bad

television tape. His subject was the San Jose stoning, an atrocity already condemned in all responsible and even quasi-responsible quarters, but Nixon was still trying to score points from it. "They're not romantic revolutionaries," he said of violent dissenters. "They're the same thugs and hoodlums that have always plagued the good people." What to do? "Our approach," he said, "the new approach, demands new and strong laws that will give the peace forces new muscle to deal with the criminal forces in the United States." This, presumably, was the ultimate Republican summation of the campaign. There was no listing of G.O.P. accomplishments, save for one brief paragraph about Viet Nam. There was no expression of positive goals or ideals, no echo of the occasional eloquence or dedication to reform that adorned Nixon's 1968 statements (see "What Nixon Might Have Said," page 28).

One Certainty

Muskie came across as calm and concerned, if somewhat theatrical. Everyone, he pointed out, is for law-and-order; the Democrats have voted for Nixon's anticrime legislation. What about national unity, he asked. What about racial tension, the environment, economic problems? "There are those who seek to turn our common distress to partisan advantages, not by offering better solutions but with empty threat and malicious slander."



AGNEW CAMPAIGNING IN ILLINOIS

How Nixon Interprets

LIKE an old coach delivering his half-time pep talk, President Richard Nixon gathered his team round the table in the Cabinet Room last week to reassure them that the 1970 election was no worse than a tie—and that what counts is what happens two years hence, in 1972. The Nixon players came in two platoons: first the Cabinet members and then some 30 top-echelon White House aides. With Daughter Tricia seated beside him, Nixon spent nearly an hour laying down his analysis of the returns. His conclusion: "The election, ideologically, was enormously successful."

In the last two weeks of September, "the social issue dominated the campaign," Nixon said. "Then the Democrats read Scammon and Wattenberg [whose book, *The Real Majority*, argued that Republicans have understood Americans' desires and fears about law-and-order better than the Democrats], and then Hubert Humphrey wrapped himself in the flag and took off on a fire truck." The Democrats, he said, turned to the economic issue: "This was our low point." That was what sent him off to the

hustings. (He called the Democrats' subsequent use of unemployment statistics "a lie.") His staff advised against campaigning, but Nixon felt he had to do battle against the "off-year drag" and the "economic drag" of 1970.

"On Oct. 8, I looked at our polls, polls I had commissioned," the President said. "It was a very black picture. In the Senate, only in Tennessee were we ahead, and there the gap was closing. In every other race we were behind. In Maryland we were behind 60 to 40, in Connecticut by ten points. Prouty was six points behind. Goodell was down the tube." Nixon himself helped to replace New York's Goodell with Conservative James Buckley, and he was pleased with the play he called. He saw victory shaping up for Democrat Richard Ottinger. He sent Quarterback Agnew into the game with new instructions, pulling liberal sympathy votes back to Goodell and leaving the way clear for Buckley's end run. It worked.

Nixon never quite said so, but he clearly felt his own unprecedented cam-

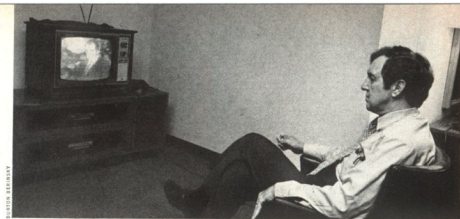
Who Won

There in microcosm was the contest as it had been played out in state after state. The President had set an audacious test for himself when he transformed the mid-term election into a referendum on his presidency and his person. Thus he traveled 17,000 miles through 23 states (Spiro Agnew logged 32,000 miles across 32 states), and he and his party emerged weaker than before. What is astonishing is how badly Nixon and many of his candidates misread the electorate's mood.

From the swirl of contrary trends, ticket-splitting, upsets and dissimilar contests, one result seemed certain: most voters in most places opted for calm, for reasonableness, for a cessation of domestic hostilities. Spiro Agnew, and Nixon in the final days, dispensed bitterness. The current tenor of conservatism was surely there to be exploited, but not by a narrow, harsh approach reminiscent of Nixon in the 1950s.

Many in Nixon's natural constituency also feel a pull toward the center, a desire not to be out on the edge of any basic issue. Liberals, as distinguished from the New Left, feel the same urge. But Nixon, who well understood the appeal of the center in the 1968 campaign and during much of his presidency, now veered away from it.

This was the heart of the often mentioned, often misinterpreted Scammon-Wattenberg thesis. The two psephologists argued that liberal Democrats were in danger of becoming too closely asso-



SENATOR MUSKIE WATCHING PRESIDENT NIXON ON ELECTION EVE
No expression of positive goals or ideals.

ciated with radicalism and permissiveness. They also contended that Republicans should not allow themselves to be painted into a negative corner where human needs were concerned. The Nixon Republicans tried to make the first part stick this fall, but neglected the second. By contrast, Democrats in a number of races sounded more crime-conscious than before without surrendering liberal dogma on pocketbook questions.

Nonworking Strategy

In searching for a theme that would cut across local issues and personalities, Nixon seemed to forget how difficult a trick this is in nonpresidential years, how voters become preoccupied with proximate concerns rather than national ones. Further, attempting to transfer prestige from a national figure to a local one rarely succeeds. From the White House, perhaps, the strategy appeared simple: counter criticism of the

economy with emotion, finesse the specific, give a confused electorate a national figure to rally around. In the event, it did not work that way. Examples:

THE SOCIAL ISSUE, the wraparound inphrase of the year, covering dissatisfaction with protest, fear of crime, and disgust with drugs, promiscuity and pornography, had less universal impact than initially assumed. It was a genuine concern everywhere, helpful to Republicans in some states, but rarely crucial. Those who used it most loudly could not persuade large numbers of citizens that a vote for Democrat X was really a vote for the Weathermen or the mugger.

THE SILENT MAJORITY, the broad group that includes blue and white collars, small businessmen, professionals, and assorted "straights" who are supposed to be susceptible to the social issue, were assiduously wooed by Nixon. In some races, the S.M. responded to Repub-

he Election

paid effort turned the election around. "We emphasized the peace issue," he said. "The whole secret of any campaign is to talk about your issue. The peace issue was very beneficial." Happily he ticked off the individual races. "In Connecticut, Weicker—I've talked with him—will vote like Dodd. With Buckley, there will be a 180° turn-around. The same with Brock in Tennessee and Bentsen in Texas. Taft? Well, it will be much better than with Young." Nixon made a morning-after list of Republican losers whose talents he wants to use in the Administration; it was headed by Clark MacGregor of Minnesota and George Bush of Texas. His Senate summary: "We gained a working majority of at least three. In addition, there's the fallout effect on Senators up for re-election in '72. The changes this year might make some of them read the tea leaves."

As for the House of Representatives: "Ideologically there is no change. We've had a working majority consistently on the key issues of foreign policy and defense. The loss of seats makes no dif-

ference." The Democrats, he conceded, "have a right to crow a bit" about the governorships—but he proceeded to play down any effect that Democratic success might have in 1972. "I have yet to see a popular Governor pull in a President," he said. "In 1960 the Republicans had 14 Governors. I carried 26 states—I carried the two biggest with Democratic Governors, lost the two biggest with Republican Governors." The Governors cannot produce votes for a President—only a machine can. The only machine left is Daley's—and we'll see if we can't offset that with the Ogilvie machine. Sometimes Governors can be a drag in a presidential election. When it's your Governor, they need roads and all kinds of things and then you have to get involved in it. No. Governors by and large in this day and age do not play an important role in presidential politics."

Finally Nixon turned to the future, warming to the prospect. "Now let's look at this election in terms of 1972."

* Nixon was not quite right. There were 16 Republican Governors in 1960. He carried California, one of the two biggest states with a Democratic Governor, but lost the other, Pennsylvania.

he said. "The battle is now drawn between the President and the Congress. The two key issues will be peace and the pocketbook. About the peace issue: the war will be over and we will have peace with prosperity. As for the economy, it will be good in 1971, with a very strong upturn in 1972. Law-and-order will also be an issue to this degree: crime has gone up 150% in the past eight years, but it is now finally beginning to go back down. By 1972 we will have a reversal. We have a remarkable record on the law-and-order issue, with crime legislation, obscenity and narcotics bills. We now have the most effective program to deal with crime."

• Even the most detached among Nixon's listeners were certain that the President really believes his chances for 1972 look better than they did before Nov. 3. That, to be sure, was not the estimate of many analysts whom Nixon accused of writing "what their hearts—not their heads—tell them." He closed the meeting with a piece of advice to his team: "If any of you are betting men, you can give your friends in the press odds on the presidential success in 1972."

licans in larger numbers than usual. But, as in 1968, it proved to be neither cohesive nor a majority in partisan terms. **VIET NAM**, while on everyone's mind, decreased in importance as the campaign progressed. The continuing military disengagement makes it seem as if there is little to choose between political rivals. A few of the more prominent doves were defeated and others spoke less and less about the war. In Boston and Detroit, referenda for immediate withdrawal failed; one passed in San Francisco.

THE ENVIRONMENT was also a generalized concern, but one that rarely provided a clear contrast between competitors. It was a factor in some races, such as the surprising defeat of Idaho's Republican Governor, Don Samuelson (see page 27). An antipollution group, Environmental Action, accused twelve Congressmen of compiling bad records. Seven were defeated in either primaries or the general election.

THE SOUTHERN STRATEGY, a misnomer because it aims at Border and Western states as well as the Old Confederacy, fared poorly in this nonpresidential year. Nixon and Agnew remain personally popular, and conservatism seems to be holding its own, but the problem of transference is yet to be solved.

For TIME, pollster Louis Harris interpreted the 1970 election this way: "Efforts to put together a new coalition of diverse elements under an umbrella of common aversion to the young, the blacks and the poor just won't jell. The thesis that the U.S. is 'unblack' (88% are white), 'unyoung' (83% of the vote is over 30) and 'unpoor' (88% are not in poverty) turns out to be a vast half truth at best. After the 1970 election, we must obviously remember that by

that kind of measurement we are also unsmalltown (71% live in metropolitan areas); unsouthern white (80% are not); unRepublican (72% of the voters are Democrats or independents); unconservative (65% do not call themselves that).

"The extraordinary political fact of America in the early 1970s is that politically we are a collection of warring minorities with no Real, Silent, Middle America, Conservative, Centrist, Liberal or other kind of majority presently operative. There is increasing evidence that the first principle of the old politics, embodied in Roosevelt's New Deal, of putting many different groups, races, religions and regions under one permanent party tent may not work any more."

Four Big Winners

From last week's montage of conflict, four Senate contests stand out as representative, in different ways, of the 1970 elections. They illustrate the clashes of personality, the interplay of local considerations and national ones, the varying perception of voters in diverse regions. As the personality sketches on these and the following pages show, they also produced engaging winners who may be starting significant careers in the U.S. Senate: New York's James Buckley, Tennessee's William Brock, Illinois' Adlai Stevenson III, California's John Tunney.

Buckley is the political wonder of the year. A right-wing Republican by background and a Nixon follower on most issues today, Buckley ran on the Conservative Party ticket in the nation's most consistently liberal state. More than any other major candidate, he made the social issue work, drawing enough of a Silent Majority vote with an approach summarized by his motto:

New York's

ANYONE waiting around the Senate chamber next January expecting certified Conservative James Buckley, the self-proclaimed voice of the new right, to storm in and begin breathing fire, is in for a surprise. Buckley, to political friend and enemy alike, is a thoroughly pleasant man.

His smile is warm and real, he delivers unbending conservative judgments calmly and in carefully chosen language. Removed from the shorthand rhetoric of a campaign, the judgments are often buttressed by soundly reasoned arguments. Even on campuses, his personality won attention for ideas that were anathema. He holds doors open for strangers and carries suitcases for traveling companions. His brother, the contemporary conservative Voltaire, is high on him: "Jim's mild mannered, much less abrasive than I. And he has the happy faculty for not antagonizing people ever." Though his tone is less acerbic than William's, James' wit is an effective weapon. Describing deposed Senator Charles Good-

"Isn't it time we had a Senator?"

When organized in New York eight years ago, the Conservative Party consisted mainly of right-wing Republicans who could not abide the liberal wing led by Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits and John Lindsay. Now the Conservatives have expanded beyond nuisance stature by attracting disaffected Democrats, principally blue-collar and middle-class Catholics, whose influence in the Democratic Party withered as Jews, blacks and Puerto Ricans gained power.

Tennessee's William Brock

THERE is no way of avoiding it, and Bill Brock does not want one to: he is a super-regular guy, the median of Middle Americans, giant of the jaycees. To Brock, citizenship is service. He could see the need more than a decade ago from his office in the family candy firm, when he was appalled by

a survey that showed widespread functional illiteracy below the levels of the Chattanooga society in which he lived. He and his friends organized their own training program, and Brock started coming down from his plush home atop Lookout Mountain to teach reading and writing to impoverished blacks.

Brock soon took up other civic causes, including aid for the mentally retarded and physically handicapped children, and his city now has two of the nation's best treatment centers in those fields. He worked effectively to ease the integration of public facilities in his city. Later, as a member of the House of Representatives, he voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964. "We exceeded our constitutional authority," he says.

Brock is a true and practicing conservative, and there is total consistency between his own action toward integration and his rejection of legislative

compulsion toward the same end. "I got very big on the civic-service thing," he says. "It's basic to my philosophy. I really believe in individual service to the community. My gripe with the liberal today is that he has an empathy for the disadvantaged that will not translate itself into action. He won't get his hands dirty. He wants to impose a solution." Politically, too, Brock has not shrunk from hard work. He was the first Republican in 42 years to win in his district.

Nothing in Brock's personal life and tastes dims the image of regularity that he carries in public. A spare man two weeks short of his 40th birthday, his clothes and hair reflect no effort at compromise with today's youthful fashions. He likes semiclassical music and Winston Churchill, and privately and publicly projects total sincerity. He relaxes by roaming around the woods near his home with his wife Muffet and their four young children. Occasionally he travels to Florida to sail (he was in the Navy from 1953 to 1956) and water-ski.



James Buckley

ell's switch from conservatism to liberal anti-Nixonism, James observed: "It was the most stunning conversion since St. Paul took the road to Damascus."

To some, like Writer Pete Hamill, the unusual family to which both men belong is an American version of the Castle Irish, a hated nobility. To admirers, the Buckleys represent what is good in family life: unselfconscious affection, vitality, devotion to excellence, a felicitous mix of principle and hedonism. The ten Buckley children received a steady stream of good-humored, constructive memoranda from their frequently traveling father, William F. Buckley Sr. In one, occasioned by their overuse of the many family cars, he suggested "a course of therapy designed to prevent atrophy of the leg muscles, if only for aesthetic reasons."

James Buckley comes by his minority party seat through inherited establishment tilting: his Catholic grandfather was once a sheep rancher in Baptist cattle-ranching country in Texas. The fam-

ily fortune was eventually made in oil, and James Buckley has spent most of his business life with the family firm, the Catawba Corp., which provides expert help in oil and mineral exploration. A lawyer and vice president of the firm, he has traveled extensively on company business.

New York's new Senator has been a naturalist all his life. As a prep-school student, he persuaded his father to invite a biology teacher to the Buckley home in Sharon, Conn., for the summer. The teacher came with his animals. By summer's end, there were more than 70 of them. The pupil later had his own smaller, but equally renowned zoo at Yale: one boa constrictor. Buckley has made two trips to the Arctic on scientific expeditions, and once considered becoming an ornithologist. On that, Brother William reverts to form: "Jim used to get up at 4 in the morning, when he was at Yale, to bird watch. Always struck me as ludicrous."

James Buckley is, in almost all other ways, less flamboyant than his previously more famous brother. He dresses conservatively, sometimes wears a bow tie,



and his graying hair is in a longish crew cut. He and his wife Ann have what he calls a planned family of six: "I wanted no less than six children and Ann wanted no more than six."

His wife appeared on the campaign trail only at its end, and shared in his satisfying moment of victory. A private person, she could not have taken much comfort from a friend's comment: "I have the strange feeling we've seen Jim as a private person for the last time."

Still a small minority, the Conservatives had a serious chance this year because of several fortuitous circumstances: Jim Buckley's intelligence and undappled personality plus the nearly identical liberal positions of Republican Senator Charles Goodell and Democratic Candidate Richard Ottinger. In addition, the Democrats were burdened with Arthur Goldberg as gubernatorial candidate. His feckless campaign lent no strength whatever to Ottinger.

What sets Buckley apart from so

many other ideological conservatives, is his obvious class, the way he wears his education and inherited money with nonchalance. His manner exudes sincerity and good will. During the campaign he pronounced the usual warnings of doom, decadence and destruction by federal power, but he said these things without malice. Buckley could take a hard stand on campus dissenters, but, as one of his aides put it: "Jim was not the guy who was about to bayonet your kids."

Indeed, unlike most conservatives—and many other politicians of assorted persuasion this year—Buckley attracted thousands of college-age volunteers. Humor helped. One of the party's founders, J. Daniel Mahoney, collected anti-conservative bromides into a rah-rah song:

*Three cheers for fear and hatred,
Division and mistrust.*

*When Jim goes to Washington,
These will be a must.*

*Six years of pure repression
Our liberties will rust.*

*Six years for our dear Jim
To union bust.*

Despite these assets, Buckley still had a major problem. He could not win unless his opponents split the moderate-liberal vote closely enough to allow a Conservative plurality. Enter the Nixon Administration. The White House decided early that Goodell had no chance to win. From its viewpoint, good riddance; Goodell had become more liberal and more troublesome to Nixon than many Senate Democrats. Buckley early-on vowed to vote with the Republicans in Washington.

In their shrewdest and perhaps most

effective single stroke of the campaign, Nixon and Agnew disowned Goodell—loudly. Their purpose was to get liberals to switch from Ottinger to Goodell in sufficient numbers to defeat the Democrat. It worked exactly that way. Early polls showed Goodell with about 15% of the vote. The excitement caused by his feud with Agnew raised that figure ultimately to 24% in the election. Buckley got 39%, just two points more than Ottinger.

Even considering the extraordinary circumstances, the fact that an avowed Conservative with scant appeal to Jews or blacks could win in New York represented something of a milestone. He did it by rallying Italian, Irish and suburban voters, and by cutting heavily into union halls that were once the exclusive domain of the Democrats. In New York, jobs and Viet Nam were not the pre-eminent concerns; the social issue was. Rockefeller benefited similarly; he had moved markedly to the right, and steadily refused to attack Buckley on Goodell's behalf. Rocky rolled up the biggest plurality of his career in winning an unprecedented fourth four-year term.

Special Target

A more conventional conservative coup occurred in Tennessee, where Congressman Bill Brock dislodged Albert Gore, one of Nixon's most nettlesome liberal foes in the Senate. At the same time, a Memphis dentist, Winfield Dunn, defeated Lawyer-Businessman John J. Hooker Jr., a Kennedy Democrat, in the gubernatorial race. Thus Tennessee becomes the only Southern state in modern times to have two Republican Senators and a Republican Governor.

Though Nixon and Agnew had made

Brock majored in commerce at Washington and Lee University, but is no longer active in the family business headed by his father, William Brock Jr. And his rooting attachment is now for the University of Tennessee, where he is a season-ticket holder for football games.

Brock's concern with social problems is real and personal. He likes to describe his meetings with activist blacks in Chicago and is proud of a friendship he has with a young radical who edited a student newspaper in Ohio. Though he may not see the answers to social problems flowing from Washington and the Federal Government, he is actively seeking them in his own way. "When people despair," he says, "they turn either to apathy or violence."

As he ends eight years in the House and moves over to the Senate, Brock will be rattling what he may regard as a family skeleton in the Senate cloakroom. Another William Brock, his grandfather, was a Senator from 1929 to 1932. Grandfather Brock was, of all things, a Democrat.



Illinois' Adlai Stevenson

One sympathetic writer described Stevenson's speechmaking as "almost embarrassingly dull." A Chicago political editor called it dead. Personal and political intimates, recalling the father's grace, spontaneity and wit, find a range of positive adjectives for the son that begins with "deliberate" and ends with "concerned."

Clearly, the voters are more persuaded by Stevenson's solidity and record than his style. In his first try for office in 1964, an at-large race for the state's house of representatives, Stevenson received more votes than any other candidate and more than his father had ever been given in the state. Two years later he was elected treasurer of Illinois, the only statewide Democratic candidate to win in a Republican-dominated year.

Stevenson, 40, bears not only a politically advantageous name but a strong resemblance to his father (though he is somewhat taller), and he has always

been conscious of the legacy. A family friend says: "He used to say to me, 'The name opens the door, but what I do when I get past the door is on my own.'" In the state legislature he did enough to be named that body's outstanding member, and as state treasurer he drew national attention by increasing revenues by millions of dollars and opening the account ledgers to the public.

He has also shown a decisiveness and political pragmatism that his father lacked, though he is willing to suffer for principle; he might have had a Senate nomination two years ago but refused to pledge support for Lyndon Johnson's Viet Nam policies. This time, Chicago's Mayor Daley and his invaluable political machine came to Stevenson.

He was educated at the best schools—including Harrow in England and Milton Academy near Boston, Harvard and its law school—and at home, where his parents spoke French at the dinner table in a largely vain effort to transfer

THERE is a portentous difference between Adlai Ewing ("Bear") Stevenson III and his famous father who affectionately gave him the animal nickname: the father, to many, had the look of a winner but lost, while the son often appears to plod through campaigns and wins.

There is also a startling contrast between what commentators say about the campaign style of Illinois' Senator-elect and the way voters respond to it.

a special target of Gore, the victory was clearly a personal one for Brock and the Republican organization he has helped create in the last ten years. Coming from a wealthy family, Brock is one of those Southern patriars who is willing to aid and integrate blacks, provided that the efforts are local and voluntary. As the Republican organization grew, so did its returns. Eisenhower had carried Tennessee in 1952 and 1956. Nixon did in 1960 and 1968. Republican Howard Baker won a Senate seat in 1966. Gore was the obvious challenge for Brock this year. The Gray Fox, as Gore has come to be called, was out of tune with Tennessee. He is pro-civil rights and anti-war, in favor of gun-control legislation and against compulsory prayer in public schools. Gore also voted no on Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell.

Thus Gore wrote the outline of Brock's script. Issue by issue, Brock attacked systematically: gun control, school busing, the Haynsworth-Carswell votes, school prayer, support of the President on Viet Nam. Said Brock of the Senate doves who took credit for giving impetus to Nixon's latest peace proposal: "They disgust me—all of them, including Alby Gore." Ken Rietz, a partner of Harry Treleven, the political TV consultant, came from Washington to manage Brock's campaign. "We did not underestimate Gore," said Rietz. "We never assumed that he was a dead dove." Aside from an advertising blitz that easily outshone Gore's, the Brock forces established campaign organizations in every one of the state's 95 counties.

The efforts were prudent, because Gore, 62, and a veteran of 32 years of

political strife, counterattacked with more gusto than Brock, 39, seemed able to muster. Old Albert stumped hard, reminded Tennesseans of the bread-and-butter benefits he had fought for, and held his ground with courage, if not cunning. Unlike Democrats elsewhere, he refused to scramble for safe rhetoric when assailed on law-and-order.

Toward the end it seemed that Gore was gaining, that the old loyalties to him might overcome Brock's youth and conservatism. But it was not enough. New Deal memories had grown too dim. Brock carried the normally Republican eastern third of the state easily, cut into the Democratic central region, and cleaned up in the rural western end of the state, where George Wallace is popular. An American Broadcasting Company voter profile showed Brock scoring heavily in Memphis, farm areas, suburbs and working-class precincts. From these he put together a majority of 52%.

Swept Aside

By contrast, nothing worked right for the Republicans in Illinois, where Senator Ralph Tyler Smith lost badly to Adlai Stevenson. "I thought I had my finger on the people's pulse," Smith lamented, "but I obviously miscalculated. I just must have misread what people were really concerned about." Actually, Smith had little chance, regardless of his strategy. The Stevenson name and stolid, sincere persona were just too potent for the Republican state legislator who had been appointed to fill out Everett Dirksen's unexpired term.

Playing a catch-up game, Smith witlessly tried to tie Stevenson to the extremist left. Stevenson pinned an American flag on his lapel, recalled his own

sponsorship of anticrime legislation in the state capitol, and lined up with two symbols of Illinois law-and-order, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley and former U.S. Attorney Tom Foran, chief prosecutor of the Chicago Seven. For balance, Stevenson also enlisted the active support of Daniel Walker; it was the Walker Report that termed the 1968 Chicago upheaval a "police riot."

Stevenson dismissed Smith as a "frantic man," one of the G.O.P.'s "peddlers

California's

WHEN John Varick Tunney was first approached to run for Congress, he reacted with a frankness that he has since learned does not often make for political advantage. "People really think I ought to run for Congress," he wrote his wife. "Can you imagine that?"

It took some imagination. Tunney was a liberal, had been a registered Republican, and the district—the 38th, which included Riverside, his home—was markedly conservative. It also took some special insight by a pretty fair political professional, President John F. Kennedy. His advice, relayed through Edward Kennedy, Tunney's law-school roommate and close friend: drop the name Varick, by which Tunney had been called since childhood. The skeptical Tunney ran a poll: 66% of his potential constituents associated the name Varick with Russia and/or Communism. (In fact, it was the surname of a Revolutionary War ancestor.) At that, even his wife began calling him John. Finally, it took the Johnson landslide of 1964, and Tunney was in Congress. From that day to

their facility, and his father often read classics to the children. But if he was immune to another language, he caught his father's parsimony: he still turns off unused lights, and his wife once told an interviewer that "when we were married, all of Ad's friends wanted to bite my wedding ring to see if it was real." Mrs. Stevenson, the former Nancy Agnew whom he married in 1955, is clearly one of his acquired political assets. They have four children.

Stevenson spent 18 months in the Far East with the Marines and was a member of a prestigious Chicago law firm before entering politics. It was what he had been waiting for. He was the only one of his father's three sons who chose to follow him, and he made his decision early. In 1948, when he was 17, young Adlai chauffeured the older Stevenson—in a battered Chevrolet—along the campaign trail. In global political form, however, he now disclaims presidential ambitions for himself. But he adds: "I do have a son coming along. Adlai the Next we call him, and I wouldn't mind seeing him President."

of hate and fear." After Smith declined an opportunity to reject John Birch support, Stevenson piously middle-roaded it: "I don't want the support of the Weathermen, the S.D.S., the Ku Klux Klan, the Minutemen or the John Birch Society." He did not need it. He swept the state, even getting an equal split in the Republican south, taking Smith's own home country by more than 12,000. In amassing 56% of the vote, Stevenson carried

along a host of minor Democratic candidates, solidifying Daley's hold on Chicago and preparing the way for an assault on the Governor's mansion in the next election.

Nixon's once and future home state was the arena for another crucial contest. California, particularly since Ronald Reagan's political advent four years ago, was supposed to provide ideal soil for Middle-American politicians. Last week the trend instead was toward the middle of the road, favoring the Democrats.

Western Miscalculation

Republican Senator George Murphy, 68, a Nixon loyalist and hawk ("The war is going great"), at first tried to pooh-pooh Congressman John Tunney, 36, as "that boy." Then Murphy picked up the Agnew line, running against "troublemakers and destructionists" instead of against Democrat Tunney. The problems liberal critics harp on, he insisted, were "contrived crises" blown up for political purposes. After it was disclosed last spring that Murphy was receiving \$20,000 a year plus fringe benefits from Technicolor Inc., the association ended and Murphy grumped that his integrity had never been questioned before. By the last week of the campaign, it was obvious that Murphy's chances were expiring, despite the repeated ministrations of Nixon, Reagan and Agnew. Then came San Jose. Murphy's camp paped the state with ads declaring that the "decision you make tomorrow will be between anarchy or law-and-order."

"Political terrorism!" retorted Tunney. Indeed, it seemed that Murphy was guilty of the same miscalculation as Nixon in overplaying the stone-throw-

ing incident. San Jose Police Chief Raymond Blackmore deflated the Republican attack a bit by arguing that the extent of the violence had been exaggerated—Santa Clara County, including San Jose, voted for Tunney. How much the backfire amounted to was academic, however. Tunney already had established himself as firm on law-and-order by urging pay raises for police and taking an occasional ride in a police cruiser. Tunney's opponent in the Democratic primary, George Brown, represented the Democratic left, thereby giving Tunney an opportunity to portray himself as a moderate even before the general election campaign. Murphy, moreover, was handicapped by a whisper voice, the result of an operation for throat cancer.

Tunney belabored Murphy mercilessly on his income from Technicolor, and repeatedly attacked the Senator's unquestioning loyalty to Nixon policy, particularly on Viet Nam and the economy. It was the economy, however, that seemed to score most heavily, because the state has some of the most severely depressed pockets in the country, and statewide unemployment is far above the national average. Murphy, Tunney charged, "who claims such close ties with the White House, has said or done nothing about it." By a surprisingly large margin, the voters agreed. Tunney captured most of the normal Democratic majority and attracted an estimated 20% of the state's Republicans. Jews, blacks, Chicanos and trade-union families gave him substantial majorities, and he ran well in most of the large cities.

The Republican ticket for state offices also lost ground. In attempting to

John Tunney

this, a lot of hard work in his district, a friendly gerrymandering to add Democratic votes, and vigorous campaigning have kept him there.

His just-completed Senate race, however, put an unaccustomed strain on the Tunney reputation. His performance in a primary he narrowly won was often wooden, and he vacillated on issues. He was described by critics as a "lightweight"—an obvious wordplay reference to his boxer father, former Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney.

The dominant Tunney image, however, almost parallels the Kennedys'. Tunney is tall, handsome, athletic—he skis, climbs Alps, scuba dives, sails—and his speech pattern and even his heavy shock of hair are pure Kennedy. His two brothers are his campaign managers—at Teddy's suggestion. His wife Mieke, a beautiful blonde he met in The Netherlands, and three children tend to make his Riverside base a kind of Hyannisport West. In Washington, the Tunneys often give quiet dinner parties at their mansion; the wine comes from a

well-stocked cellar. Their social circle is an orbit close to the Kennedys, and includes both political and media names.

The naturally gregarious, sometimes rumpled-looking Tunney (he once began a campaign day wearing jacket and pants from different colored suits) has shown flair for publicity. While other politicians walked the beach to demonstrate their concern for offshore pollution, he proved his by diving 175 ft. to the bottom of the Santa Barbara Channel and coming up with a handful of mud and a nosebleed.

That kind of flair and determination came late to him. Clouded by his father's shadow, he was an indifferent student. He admits now that he never tried hard because he feared that failure "would be a traumatic experience."

A sophomore slump at Yale—"the deans were calling me in and giving me a hard time"—was his low point.

He got a degree at the University of Virginia Law School, spent three years in the Air Force doing legal work, then settled in Riverside. When he takes his Senate seat in January, he will have achieved a kind of championship of his own. At 36, he will be almost two years

younger than any of his peers. He still must prove that he belongs with the heavyweights he will find there, but even his critics must concede that he hit hard enough in the general election to deserve the chance. Confounding every pollster and prognosticator, he ran ahead of the California champ, Ronald Reagan, drawing 54% of the vote to Reagan's 53%.



campaign for all his running mates. Reagan spread himself thin and watched his 1966 plurality of nearly 1,000,000 votes shrink to roughly half that. The Republicans lost both houses of the state legislature. The reversal was particularly damaging because the 1970 census gives California five additional seats in Congress; the new legislature will determine how the state is to be redistributed.

Reagan strove hard to hold the line. Emulating Nixon, he designated a dozen state senators whom he found particularly difficult. All five of the dozen who ran this year won. Reagan supported the re-election of Max Rafferty, the ultra-conservative state Superintendent of Public Instruction; Rafferty lost to a moderate black educator, Wilson Riles (see EDUCATION).

It appeared that Californians were indignant over the state's continuing school problems—an issue that rubbed off on both Reagan and Rafferty. There was also discontent over growing taxes, which had been a favorite theme of Reagan's four years ago. In national terms, California's results considerably dimmed Reagan's sheen as a spokesman for the Republican right.

Heartland Problems

In other important races, Republican Governors also felt voter wrath over fiscal problems. Incumbents in the Midwest, Plains and Mountain states were ousted. Farmers' unhappiness over Administration agricultural policy was another factor. Congressman Clark Mac-

Gregor, enlisted to fight a hopeless battle against Hubert Humphrey, lost 58% v. 42%, a larger margin than he or the polls had predicted. Minnesota got a Democratic Governor as well. "My hunch," said MacGregor, "is that a latter-day populism is rising in the Upper Midwest. That would explain the similar pattern of voting in the cities and in the rural areas. It would be in the tradition of that area."

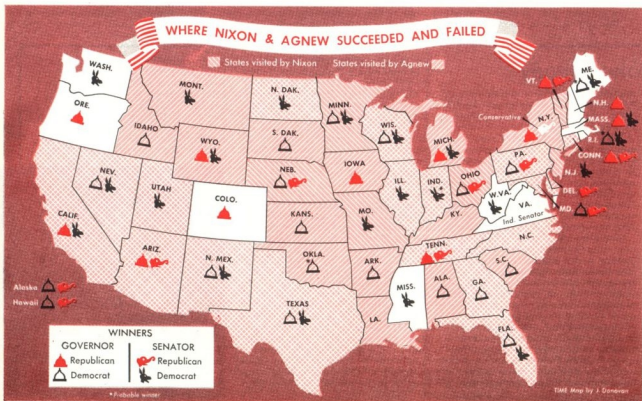
The heartland, which is supposed to be Nixon country, withstood the President's campaigning. One of the few important Republican scores in the Midwest was the Ohio Senate race, in which Robert Taft Jr. eked out a narrow victory over Howard Metzenbaum. The seat presently belongs to Democrat Stephen Young. But in yet another example of ticket-splitting, Ohio elected Democrat John Gilligan to succeed a retiring Republican Governor.

Farther west, Nixon had selected five incumbent Democratic Senators as likely targets for unseating: North Dakota's Quentin Burdick, Wyoming's Gale McGee, Utah's Frank Moss, New Mexico's Joseph Montoya and Nevada's Howard Cannon. Conservatives were recruited to run well-financed campaigns against the ostensibly vulnerable quintet. Campaigners from Washington hustled through. Agnew anointed Moss "the Western regional chairman of the Rad-Lib Eastern Establishment." Moss was re-elected easily, and the four other Democrats also won. Three of the Republicans put up against the incumbent

Senators were House members; Democrats captured those three seats.

Indiana provided a vivid case study of the season's acidity. Democratic Senator Vance Hartke, a leading dove and unreconstructed liberal, was challenged by yet another conservative chosen by Nixon, Congressman Richard Roudebush. The Republican, a former national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, wrapped himself in the flag almost literally. Roudebush's three claimed achievements in the House were bills prohibiting desecration of the flag, requiring U.S. astronauts to plant only Old Glory on the moon, and making a flag patch part of the uniform of Washington, D.C., police. Not only did Roudebush attack Hartke's stand on Viet Nam, he also put on a TV commercial showing a Viet Cong being handed a rifle. The punch line was that supporting trade with Communist countries, as Hartke does, is like "putting a loaded gun in the hands of our enemies." Roudebush also pushed the social issue hard.

Hartke, meanwhile, made it sound as if Roudebush were somehow personally responsible for the state of the economy. Other Democrats fantasized about nonexistent marriages in Roudebush's past; in fact he has been married only twice. The Hoosier vote split in crazy-quilt pattern that defied analysis, and was so close that there was no clear winner last week. In the unofficial count, Hartke led 867,857 to 863,608. Though Hartke claimed victory, Roudebush refused to concede



pending a formal tally and an investigation of fraud charges.

Throughout the campaign, most politicians assumed that the personal intervention of Nixon and Agnew was helping the Republican cause. In hindsight, doubts are arising, and even Nixon is not certain how much his protean campaigning helped. In Texas, where Washington poured in more money than any other state, the enterprise was self-defeating. Nixon had high hopes of electing Congressman George Bush to the Senate. Young, attractive, conservative, Bush personifies what the new G.O.P. in the South is supposed to be all about.

No National Prescription

Trouble was, Texas Democrats denied Bush the kind of liberal opponent Brock enjoyed in Tennessee when they defeated Senator Ralph Yarborough in the primary. In his place was Lloyd Bentsen, attractive, youthful and conservative. Bush counted on a low voter turnout of from 1.6 million to 1.8 million, with a preponderance of middle-class Republicans. But the visits by Nixon and Agnew swelled interest in the campaign. Mexican-American and black leaders, who had been inclined to sit out the contest between two conservatives, now felt directly challenged by the national Republicans. Further, Bush had been arguing that the man, not the party, was the thing. Nixon and Agnew stressed the necessity of a Republican victory, a Republican Senate. "There is no question," Bentsen said later, "that Nixon's appearances were very helpful to me." Instead of 1,800,000 voters, there were 2,200,000. Said Bush: "Like Custer, who found there were too many Indians, I guess there were just too many Democrats."

Other Dixie losses obviously weakened the G.O.P. in the South, but the results there were not as ominous for Nixon as they seemed. Tennessee, like the Yarborough primary defeat in Texas, pointed up the region's enduring conservatism. In a two-man race, Nixon could probably carry most of the South against any Democrat now available for 1972. The party's immediate future

is less sanguine. Progressive Republicans who had made inroads in the South are now in retreat. In Virginia, for instance, the White House ignored the Republican Senate candidate, Ray Garland, giving implicit help to Harry Byrd's "independent" candidacy. Byrd won, and will presumably be Nixon's debtor, though he has said he will vote with the Democrats to organize the Senate.

The President's attitude toward the Virginia election pointed up his ambiguous role this fall. Nixon the politician had always been the party regular. Yet in Virginia, as in New York, he deserted the duly nominated Republican in exchange, presumably, for Senate support. Helpful though that may be occasionally, the tactic is hardly a prescription for strengthening his party nationally or for building rapport with independent-minded Republicans.

White House aides argue that there



VANCE HARTKE



ROBERT TAFT JR.

was little choice, that Republicans had no tactical choice but to avoid the economic problem and therefore had to put the Democrats on the defensive over the social issue. Yet the same advisers admit that it is difficult to single out elections where this attack proved crucial. Two Senate victories that the Republicans picked up almost casually—Glenn Beall's in Maryland and Lowell Weicker's in Connecticut—turned on other factors. Weicker ran against



LOWELL WEICKER JR.



LOYD BENTSEN

two opponents, Democratic Incumbent Thomas Dodd, who campaigned as an independent after failing to win renomination, and Joseph Duffey, an antiwar liberal who had gained the party's designation. Beall unseated Joseph Tydings, whom LIFE accused last summer of having less-than-strict ethical standards. Tydings also failed to attract large numbers of black voters whose support he needed. Neither Beall nor Weicker matched the bellicosity emanating from Washington.

Senator Mark Hatfield believes that Nixon, by not taking the political high-road in his campaign, had missed "a historically unprecedented opportunity to make significant gains in the Senate." That is probably claiming too much. In many places the Nixon-Agnew approach evidently hurt. In others, it is possible to argue that the results would have been roughly the same no matter what Nixon did or what he might have done. Only in one sense were the voters predictable this year: the polls did fairly well in forecasting the outcome of various races. But in general, it was an election of patterns broken and theories confounded. TV blitzes had less impact than predicted. Racial tension did not prevent black victories. Despite the tendency to turn out incumbent state officeholders, voters treated their U.S. Representatives kindly. The electorate was simply not of a mind to be stampeded. In the year of the independent voter, it was every candidate for himself, and the results were a vindication of the essential good sense of the American voter.



LAWTON CHILES

New Crop of Governors

THE day after last week's elections, Research Director David Cooper of the Democratic National Committee peered out of his office window in Washington at the late afternoon darkness; lightning flashed, rain and hail pelted down. "That damn sky is about to drop on us," he joked. "Tell them we'll give them Michigan." As it turned out, Republican Governor William Milliken did get a new term in Lansing, but over most of the U.S. the Democrats were

of state loans blunted Republican Roger Cloud's law-and-order attack on former Representative John Gilligan, an attractive Democrat. Because spreading effects of the General Motors strike were putting Ohioans out of work, Gilligan pointed out that Cloud once voted against paying unemployment benefits to workers idled by a strike at another company. Gilligan is a reddish-haired, booming-voiced Irish American with a crushing handshake and a fiery temper



FLORIDA'S ASKEW

in sunshine. They dropped the sky on the G.O.P., turning a 32-18 Republican majority of gubernatorial chairs into a 29-21 Democratic advantage—subject to scattered recounts. Among the new men in the statehouses:

THE NORTHEAST. Pennsylvania Democrat Milton Shapp defeated Raymond Broderick by a 498,000-vote margin that astonished even Shapp. Under the reign of Governor Ray Shafer, political heir to the widely admired William Scranton, the state deficit rose to \$500 million (the budget is currently \$1.2 billion). Broderick's plans to cut spending antagonized large blocs of voters. Shapp, a wiry and intense millionaire, will become the Commonwealth's first Jewish Governor. "The people wanted a change," said Phrasemaker Shapp.

That was just what they wanted in Connecticut, too, where Republican Congressman Thomas Meskill will evict a Democrat from Hartford's gilt-edged statehouse after 16 years of one-party rule. Meskill, a former mayor of New Britain, came across forcefully on television. His opponent, Representative Emilio ("Mim") Daddario, who was once mayor of Middletown, "went through the campaign like a mummy," as one politico put it. Meskill accused the Democrats of doing nothing to curb drug abuse, which a specially commissioned G.O.P. state poll called the top issue on voters' minds. He capitalized on the \$200 million deficit that Connecticut faces despite a sharp sales tax increase.

THE MIDWEST. The Democrats did best of all in a traditionally Republican region, taking five governorships from the Republicans. Ohio was their most important triumph; scandals over the handling

of state loans sometimes gets him into political trouble.

Democrats made law-and-order work for them in Wisconsin also by underlining the fact that Republicans were running the state when student violence erupted in Madison. Liberal Democrat Patrick Lucey, a longtime Kennedy ally and a former Lieutenant Governor, profited from vexation over rising property taxes. His opponent, Lieutenant Governor Jack Olson, promised to postpone state tax increases, but Republican Governor Warren Knowles torpedoed him in mid-campaign by announcing that a tax rise was inevitable in 1971.

Next door in Minnesota, Wendell Anderson, a 1956 Olympic hockey player who has spent twelve years in the state legislature, used an open, pleasant campaigning style—and Hubert Humphrey's coattails—to defeat Republican Douglas Head, the outgoing attorney general. South Dakota's Richard Kneip, a dairy equipment dealer and minority leader of the state senate, beat Republican In-



ARKANSAS' BUMPERS



TENNESSEE'S DUNN



OHIO'S GILLIGAN

They dropped the sky on the G.O.P.

cumbent Frank Farrar by accusing him of inadequate leadership in tax reform. Soaring taxes and spending did in Republican Governor Norbert Tiemann of Nebraska, who lost to J. James Exon, a Lincoln businessman (office machines and equipment) and former Democratic national committeeman.

THE SOUTH. Republicans picked up their only other seat from the Democrats in Tennessee, where Winfield Dunn defeated Democrat John J. Hooker Jr. partly as a beneficiary of the massive Nixon-Agnew assault on Democratic Senator Albert Gore. Dunn is a Memphis dentist and the son of a one-time Mississippi U.S. Representative. He pushed law-and-order; he opposed gun controls and promised to make Tennessee "unlivable for drug pushers."

But in Arkansas, two-term Governor Winthrop Rockefeller—the state's first Republican Governor since Reconstruction—spent an estimated \$4,000,000 for re-election only to lose overwhelmingly to Democrat Dale Bumpers, a country



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(You really have quite a memory when it comes to your Chivas, don't you?)

lawyer from Charleston who turned back Orval Faubus' attempted comeback in the September primary. Rockefeller had been hamstrung for four years by a Democratic legislature; Bumpers promised to pull the state out of its mild stagnation. Crusty Rockefeller did himself no good by snapping back at a student who asked how much he was spending on re-election: "It's none of your damn business."

In Oklahoma, Republican Governor Dewey Bartlett promised not to increase taxes; Democrat David Hall, a portly, silver-haired former Tulsa County prosecutor who stumped the rural areas assiduously, went him one better by pledging tax relief for working-class families. Hall won by an unofficial margin of 2,819 votes, pending a possible recount.

Reubin Askew, a straight-arrow Democrat, took the starch out of Florida's rumbustious Governor Claude Kirk: "Government by antics," Askew cried, and 57% of the voters agreed. Askew is a refreshingly different newcomer to politics: a Presbyterian elder and a non-smoking teetotaler who once said his favorite hobby is going to church. Kirk had managed to split the Republicans by pushing Judge G. Harrold Carswell into the U.S. Senate primary against Representative William Cramer.

Two Southern states moved toward moderation on the race issue. Georgia replaced Lester Maddox with another Democrat, Jimmy Carter, a wealthy peanut farmer; South Carolinians chose Democratic Lieutenant Governor John West—a lawyer and, like Florida's Askew, a staunch Presbyterian—rather than Republican Representative Albert Watson, a racist with strong backing from Strom Thurmond and Spiro Agnew. Said one relieved voter: "South Carolina has moved from the Deep South to the upper South."

THE WEST. Rancher Bruce King, who also heads a butane company, won the New Mexico governorship from Republican Pete Domenici largely on the strength of superior experience: King was speaker of the state house of representatives and president of the state's constitutional convention last year, while Domenici had only a middling record as head of the Albuquerque city commission to offer.

In Nevada, Democrat Mike O'Callaghan and Republican Ed Fike both took a hard line on crime and campus disturbances. It did not hurt O'Callaghan, a former schoolteacher, that the Republicans bungled a rebuttal to Communist Jack Anderson's charges that Fike had taken part in shady land deals.

The only race where ecology turned into the clearest political issue was in Idaho. Cecil Andrus, 38, a Boise insurance executive, became the first Democrat elected Governor of the state since 1944. He defeated Incumbent Don Samuelson partly by opposing a Samuelson-backed mining development proposed for Idaho's scenic White Clouds region.

Newcomers in the House

THERE will be 62 new members of the House of Representatives when the 92nd Congress convenes in January. Among the more interesting newcomers of both parties:

RONALD V. DELLUMS. They ate watermelon and cheered a tap dancer at Ron Dellums' victory party in prideful put-on, as a black militant triumphed at the polls. The new Democratic Congressman from California, one of twelve blacks elected to Congress last week, offered his thanks to "my public relations expert, Spiro T. Agnew." His comment was far from gratuitous, for when the Vice President attacked Dellums as an "out-and-out radical," Agnew rattled the voters in the white liberal community of Berkeley and the black ghettos of Oakland into the voting booths. Democrat Dellums, 34, social worker and member of the Berkeley city council (who had often acted as go-between for the council and campus radicals), drew vice-presidential fire for his defense of the Black Panthers. While Democratic candidates elsewhere scamped toward the moderate center under a Republican law-and-order blitz, Dellums stood his ground: "If it's radical to want an end to war and violence so that we can devote ourselves to the challenges of peace, then I am pleased to call myself a radical." His stance added Berkeley to his almost monolithic black base in Oakland, and he won by 25,000 votes. Dellums campaigned in the union halls of the district's blue collar areas, too, arguing that "you do not leave the blue collar worker out there screaming for help."

BELLA ABZUG. One of the fall's liveliest campaigns produced a colorful new Congresswoman. Mrs. Bella Abzug, 50, trademark brimmed hat pulled over her head, canvassed Greenwich Village, Lower East Side and West Side streets of Manhattan's 19th Congressional District seeking support for her antiwar, Women's Liberation views. She upset a longtime Democratic incumbent in the primary, then turned her energies on her Republican opponent, Barry Farber,

a local radio interviewer. Farber (who is Jewish) accused Mrs. Abzug (who is Jewish) of being anti-Israel. But Mrs. Abzug said she had long been active in Zionist causes and had underscored it by campaigning on the Lower East Side—in Yiddish. A lawyer who traveled to Mississippi to defend black clients in the mid-'50s, an organizer of Women Strike for Peace and an architect of the "Dump Johnson Movement," Mrs. Abzug was the darling of the city's ultraliberals. She sloganeered, "This woman's place is in the House . . . the House of Representatives." And after winning her seat she vowed to go to Capitol Hill and wage war on the seniority system.

JACK KEMP. President Nixon can find comfort in Buffalo's new Congressman Jack Kemp. Not only is Kemp a staunch backer of the President's policies, he is a football fan too. Kemp left a \$50,000-a-year job as quarterback of the Buffalo Bills to run for the House and turned out to be as successful in politics as he had been on the field.* He had help from an old friend of his days on Governor Ronald Reagan's staff,

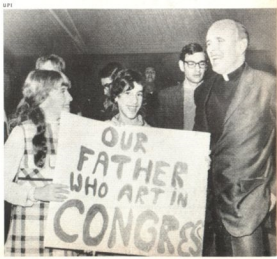
* Kemp led the Bills to two league championships (1964-1965) and was the A.F.L.'s most valuable player in 1965.



BELLA ABZUG



RON DELLUMS & REV. ROBERT DRINAN
Watermelon and a prayer.





JACK KEMP

Winner on and off the field.

White House Adviser Robert Finch, and from Nixon's director of communications, Herb Klein. Kemp, 35, who campaigned for Barry Goldwater in 1964, pointed his campaign to the right of center, wiring the President his support of the Cambodian invasion and calling for a moratorium on criticism of the Administration's war policies.

LOUISE DAY HICKS. "You know where she stands" was a campaign slogan of Boston Democrat Louise Day Hicks. Indeed they know. All they need to do is to remember Mrs. Hicks' unsuccessful but formidable 1967 campaign for mayor, in which she clearly explained her views on neighborhood schools, her admiration for blue collar workers, her enthusiasm for law-and-order. This time Mrs. Hicks, 52, barely bothered to campaign. She limited her appearances to

small gatherings in constituents' homes, eschewing debate with Republican Laurence Curtis, a former Congressman, and Independent Dove Daniel J. Houston, a Viet Nam veteran endorsed by the *New Republic*. She still won by more than 32,000 votes in a race that had but one element of doubt: whether or not Mrs. Hicks would serve out her term or return for another run at the Boston mayor's office.

THE REV. ROBERT DRINAN. While the Boston working-class neighborhoods went for conservative Mrs. Hicks, the suburbs sent to Congress a Jesuit priest who is an outspoken dove. The Rev. Robert Drinan, 49, will become the second priest ever to serve in Congress.* Drinan's antiwar campaign sagged after a primary victory over a longtime Democratic incumbent, and in the closing days he turned to economic issues to rescue his race. Drinan relied on a corps of youthful volunteers and smoothly ran a computerized campaign to fulfill the hopes of a catchy election-night placard that read OUR FATHER WHO ART IN CONGRESS.

PIERRE S. DU PONT IV. The power of the Du Pont name in Delaware moved in fresh ways with the election of Pierre S. du Pont IV, 35, to the state's large seat in the House. Du Pont's back-

* The first was the Rev. Gabriel Richard, who in 1823 was elected as a nonvoting member from Michigan, when it was still a Territory.

ground includes America's Cup yachting, Phillips Exeter, Princeton and Harvard Law School, and a stint as an executive in the family's chemical company. Republican Du Pont ran a strict party-line campaign, stressing law-and-order and withdrawing his earlier support of Charles Goodell when the White House opened its attack on the New York Senator. The scion of one of the



PIERRE S. DU PONT IV

Old name in fresh pursuits.

country's largest fortunes also stressed environmental issues during his campaign, advocating stiffer fines for industrial air and water polluters—which included Du Pont. Pierre will be a commuting Congressman. Said his wife after the election: "That's what the Metroliner is for."

What Nixon Might Have Said

The President's harsh campaign line—in effect denouncing the Democrats as the party of permissiveness and charging them with being soft on violence—was typed in his Phoenix speech. In it, he leaned heavily on the incident during which his car was stoned by a mob in San Jose. Telecast again by the Republican National Committee on election eve, it became the party's campaign windup. Though the President sees things differently, there is considerable evidence that the speech did Republican candidates more harm than good. To many voters, the whole approach evidently suggested the rhetoric of the stump politician, not the reasoning of a President who must lead a nation. It is possible to imagine that the speech, without being "above politics," might have been more productive if Nixon had said something like this:

MY fellow Americans, in a less critical time for our country, the temptation would be great to exploit the San Jose incident for partisan purposes. But we have gone beyond the point where social unrest and violence can be so used. It is not enough merely to denounce violence—everyone de-

nounces it. There is no point in uttering angry words however justified—America is already afflicted by too much anger. It would be easy, indeed, to blame the disturbance at San Jose and others like it on a climate of permissiveness created by my political opponents. Even if I did so successfully, however, the success would be only political and short-run. The long-run effect would be to perpetuate the divisions and the animosities that trouble our country's life. I know that the vast majority in both parties are opposed to violence and disruption with equal firmness. Sowing suspicion, fanning fear and inflaming hatreds are not acceptable substitutes for the art of persuasion.

Tonight I want to persuade you to vote Republican, not because we are more patriotic, or more virtuous, or more opposed to violence than others, but because this Administration has considerable achievements to its credit and they deserve support. We have brought home many Americans, and intend to bring home more, from the throes of a tragic war. By standing firm, this Administration placed America in the role of mediator rather than of intruder during the crisis in Jordan. We are nego-

tiating with Russia to limit strategic arms production. At home, we have taken in hand the difficult, unpopular, but necessary task of halting inflation. We have proposed major reforms in welfare, Selective Service and revenue sharing. We want to do more—much more.

This cannot be accomplished, however, by Americans vying with each other to show who can be more tough-minded or questioning each other's motives. Recriminations between conservatives and liberals are largely futile. In one sense of our American tradition, we are all conservatives; in another, we are all liberals. We Republicans feel that the Democratic-liberal approach has been tried for a decade and that it is time to try something else. At the same time, we recognize that we have much to learn from one another. We must pool our ideas, combine our inventiveness and, without abandoning our principles, join together to solve the problems before us.

You have your vote. You have faith in this great country. Use that vote and that faith to help this Administration turn the nation away from hatred, chaos and division, away from fixing blame for problems and toward solving them.

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Car & Driver

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Philadelphia Inquirer

"This is the first power steering we've encountered that is as good as Mercedes'—it's about time somebody challenged them."

Road & Track

"You have a clear choice between this sedan and a Mercedes 250. The Volvo will perform as well and is a great deal less complex to service."

World Car Guide

Not only that, but 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

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Would you complain about it?



THE WORLD

The Growing Gulf Between the Big Two

SHORTLY before he embarked for a ten-day vacation at Key Biscayne last week, President Nixon issued a terse directive to ranking U.S. officials and diplomats: boycott the festivities in Moscow and at Soviet embassies round the world in honor of the 53rd anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

The extraordinary presidential order indicated the extent to which U.S.-Soviet relations have deteriorated in recent months. It comes at a moment when delicate East-West negotiations are under way in Helsinki, Berlin and War-

saw. In a policy address last week, Politburo Ideologue Mikhail Suslov asserted that U.S. bases on the Soviet periphery imperil his country and prove that Washington is pursuing "a policy of criminal aggression." The Soviets dropped contradictory hints—some to the effect that they might release the Americans this week, others indicating that they might be preparing to put them on trial, just as they had U-2 Pilot Gary Powers in 1960.

Despite misgivings, the U.S. and its al-

BERLIN: In West Berlin, the ambassadors of the Big Four (U.S., Soviet Union, Britain and France) held their ninth meeting since last July on the status of the divided city. The Soviets expressed a readiness to accept a package deal on three major issues in the talks: 1) civilian access from West Germany to West Berlin, which sits 110 miles inside East Germany; 2) the right of West Berliners to visit East Berlin; 3) the political status of West Berlin.

The Big Four agreed that West Germany, East Germany and the West Berlin Senate should work out an agreement on the first two issues. But this contains the seeds of a troublesome problem. If West Berlin is treated as a separate and equal partner in negotiating the first two points, Bonn's argument that the city is a part of the federal republic will be undermined. That would reinforce the Soviet contention that West Germany should not be allowed to represent West Berlin diplomatically throughout the Western world as it now does, but that the city should have its own foreign missions.

Nonetheless, the West remains so eager for some sign of movement on Berlin that the tentative Soviet agreement was generally hailed as progress, especially in *détente*-minded West Germany. Chancellor Willy Brandt is particularly anxious for a settlement in Berlin to buttress his shaky coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats. Still, if the Russians want to heighten tensions in the city again, they got the perfect pretext at week's end. A rightist sniper, who left behind handbills charging that Brandt was abandoning West Berlin, seriously wounded a Soviet sentry guarding the Russian war memorial in the British sector of the city.

WARSAW: West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, who is also the Free Democrats' leader, swept into Warsaw last week for the last round of talks that are expected to lead to the normalization of relations between Poland and West Germany. The dispute focuses on West Germany's reluctance to comply with the Polish demand that the Oder-Neisse boundary, which ceded one-fourth of prewar Germany to Poland, should be recognized as final (see story, page 35). Also unresolved is the question of the ethnic Germans, believed to number 100,000, who still live in Poland. Polish Foreign Minister Stefan Jedyrchowski insists that only those Germans with direct family ties in West Germany be permitted to leave, if they wish to. Scheel would like a broader definition of who is allowed to go. He wants the first trainloads leaving the very day the treaty is signed.



POLISH & WEST GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTERS IN WARSAW
In the background, some disturbing noises.

saw. While the growing gulf between Washington and Moscow has not led to a suspension of any talks, it certainly has not improved the atmosphere around the conference tables.

Nixon's action reflected deep U.S. displeasure with the Soviets over a number of issues. Washington remains disturbed by Russia's role in sneaking missiles into the cease-fire zone along the Suez Canal. The U.S. is also disappointed that Moscow has refused to exert pressure on North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong to be more reasonable at the stalled peace talks in Paris, where Hanoi's Chief Delegate Xuan Thuy last week called Nixon a liar. Washington is especially upset, however, over the case of the captive U.S. generals, whose unarmed Beechcraft blundered off course on a flight in Turkey and was forced down by MIGs in Soviet Armenia (TIME, Nov. 9).

The Kremlin chose to magnify the in-

ties last week pressed on with their major negotiations with the Soviets:

HELSINKI: As the third round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks resumed in Finland's capital, the Russians probed a U.S. proposal under which both sides would limit their strategic-weapons systems. They are understood to have countered with a proposal of their own, but the details remained secret.

Even as SALT resumed, both sides deployed new weapons. The U.S. orbited an advanced spy-in-the-sky that will cover missile launchings from Soviet Asia and China. As *Aviation Week* will report this week, the Soviets have conducted a second successful test of a missile system that destroys orbiting satellites. Since both sides would depend on satellites to police a SALT agreement, the Soviet weapon is extremely worrisome to the U.S., since it could destroy American spies-in-the-sky at the crucial moment of a Soviet attack.

The Swiss Inquisition.

There are seven outposts of the Inquisition currently operating in Switzerland: at Bienne, La Chaux-de-Fonds, Geneva, Le Locle, St. Imier, Le Sentier and Soleure.

They are carefully disguised under the name of Official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests.

And at each of them, men are employed to do things to watches which you wouldn't do to your worst enemy.

You see, before any watch can officially be called a "Chronometer," its movement must undergo 15 days and nights of torture at the hands of these complete strangers.

They put each one into an oven, lock it away in a refrigerator, hang it on iron racks in various wrist positions, checking its accuracy each day.

Only when the movement comes through with fractional variations in accuracy do they award it their carefully guarded title of Chronometer.

And an interesting fact is that one watch manufacturer—Rolex—has won nearly half the chronometer certificates ever awarded, even though we make only a tiny fraction of the annual production of Swiss watches.

This becomes a little easier to understand when you realize that each one of our watches takes us over a year to make.

First, we carve its Oyster case out of one solid block of either hardened Swedish stainless steel, or 18 kt. gold.

Then we perform 162 separate operations on it before we consider it ready to be fitted with its hand-tuned rotor self-winding Perpetual movement.

The final protection for this movement is the Rolex Twinlock



winding crown which screws down (much like a submarine hatch) onto the Oyster crown.

This combination of Oyster case and Twinlock crown allows us to guarantee all Rolex Oysters to vast underwater* depths.

We have, for example, a letter from an American who dropped his watch in the road, after removing it to wash his car: "It was some 20 hours later when we finally found my wristwatch on the road where I had backed out of my driveway the night before. There is no way of telling

how many vehicles had run over it. I picked up the watch and placed it to my ear. It was still running. Neither my wife nor myself could believe this."

We wrote back and told him to keep it on his wrist the next time—water won't hurt a Rolex Oyster.

Like most of the work that goes into the watch itself, each Rolex bracelet is also made almost entirely by hand.

You'll recognize the Rolex Crown on the clasp. So will other people.

They'll probably also recognize the distinctive shape of the Oyster case itself.

So now you may begin to understand just how much trouble we go to in making each Rolex.

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And why portraits of most of the world's leading heads of state line a corridor in our Geneva headquarters, each one testifying that he wears a Rolex watch, too.

And why we feel justified in saying that every Rolex *earns* the recognition it enjoys.

*When case, crown and crystal are intact.



Pictured: the Rolex Datejust in 18 kt. gold, \$1,050. Also available in stainless steel and steel-and-14 kt. gold, from \$255.

Each Rolex earns the recognition it enjoys. You know the feeling.



ROLEX

American Rolex Watch Corporation,
380 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.
Also available in Canada.
Write for free color catalog.



There are 20 cigarette holders to every pack of Parliament.

The tip of a Parliament is a cigarette holder.

We call it a holder because it works like one.

There's a firm outer shell that surrounds the filter. And then the filter is recessed—tucked back inside. Away from your lips.

So you get a clean taste.

A really good taste.

The Parliament holder.

It really works.

It works like a
cigarette holder
works.



King Size and New Charcoal 100's

MIDDLE EAST

More Time to Talk

As midnight approached, the nonchalant mood that had prevailed along both banks of the Suez Canal swiftly evaporated. The 90-day cease-fire negotiated by the U.S. was ticking to an end. Israeli and Egyptian soldiers crept back into their bunkers. Lights were doused, guns cocked, vehicles halted, radios turned down, movies canceled. But midnight passed with no more hostile sounds than the whine of the wind and the soft swish of the canal water.

Major Difference. Neither side seemed eager to resume fighting. While the cease-fire might thus have continued on a *de facto* basis, it was given formal support at almost the last moment. By a vote of 57-16, with 39 abstentions, the United Nations General Assembly approved a resolution calling for extension

The extended cease-fire does at least provide another period of calm in which U.N. Mediator Gunnar V. Jarring can attempt to initiate peace talks. Egypt's foreign minister, Mahmoud Riad, conferred with Jarring in New York last week, but President Anwar Sadat at the same time warned in Cairo that Egypt will scrap the cease-fire unless more serious negotiations take place. Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban also met with Jarring in New York, but the Israelis maintain that they will not negotiate through him unless Egypt removes the missiles it has clustered in the Canal Zone.

Despite that unyielding stand, Israel's allies hope that Premier Golda Meir will finally agree to less than total withdrawal of Egyptian missiles. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin and U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco may hit upon an alternative when they resume their Middle East discussions in Wash-

tillery—if Cairo is free to go on building its missile network. At the same time, Cairo fears that the longer the cease-fire continues, the tighter Israel's grip will grow on occupied Egyptian territory.

Indeed, the Israelis used the first cease-fire to make major improvements on the Bar-Lev line, a series of fortifications named for the army's chief of staff. Engineers reinforced the forts all along the line, replacing sandbags with concrete and adding cover for Israeli soldiers. Roads were paved to speed traffic and de-mine laying, water and sewer lines were installed and, behind the lines, large ammunition and fuel depots were constructed and new forces moved up.

"The Jews have built the pyramids a second time," said one Israeli officer last week as he showed TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin around the refurbished fortifications. "Only this time we have built them in freedom." So extensive are the improvements that troops on the front can now call home by telephone or order flowers for their girl friends through Interflora.

CHILE

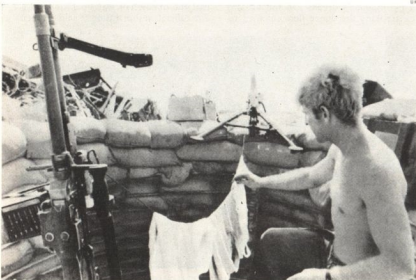
Projecting the Common Touch

BE A PATRIOT, STICK A YANKEE, invited the sign in front of the National Library in Santiago, and hundreds of celebrating Chileans eagerly obeyed the injunction. For two escudos (14¢) apiece, they pitched darts at an 8-ft.-high wooden image of Uncle Sam in full flight, clutching money-stuffed suitcases labeled "Chilean copper." As Chile's Dr. Salvador Allende was inaugurated last week for a six-year term as the world's first freely elected Marxist President, a mood of anti-Americanism prevailed.

Coolly Correct. In private, Allende met with President Nixon's representative, Assistant Secretary of State Charles Meyer, for what was described as a "serious and friendly" chat. But Americans are not exactly popular in Chile. U.S. Ambassador Ed Korry, for example, has become a whipping boy of the far left. "When Korry returns to his own country," said the Socialist daily *Ultima Hora*, "it can be said with all justice and satisfaction, 'Yankee go home and don't come back again.'"

Washington was taking pains to be as inconspicuous as possible. The U.S. had been planning to close three Air Force meteorological and upper-atmosphere observation stations on Chilean territory by the end of next year. In view of the climate in the lower atmosphere, Washington last week decided to shut them down immediately.

No Carriage. Aside from Yankee baiting, the inauguration ceremonies were characterized by Allende's efforts to project the common touch. As diplomats arrived in medal-spangled military uniforms or white tie and tails, Allende received them in a dark gray business suit. Instead of riding in the traditional two-horse carriage to the presidential palace, he made the trip in an open Ford con-



ISRAELI SOLDIER HANGING UP LAUNDRY ON BAR-LEV LINE
Also, flowers from the front.

of the truce for a second 90-day period. The Israelis dismissed the resolution, introduced by a bloc of Afro-Asian nations, as deliberately one-sided; it demanded withdrawal of Israeli troops from Arab territory, but it ignored the massive missile buildup that Egypt and the Soviet Union engineered on the canal's west bank in violation of the initial cease-fire agreement. Only because of amendments introduced by France did the measure include proposals for lasting peace, secure boundaries and recognition of sovereignty for all Middle East states. The final resolution thus resembled the 1967 Security Council proposal that formed the basis for earlier U.N. and U.S. peace efforts. But the resolution said nothing about maintaining a standstill in the Canal Zone, leaving Egypt free to improve its network of Soviet-built (and in some cases Soviet-manned) missiles. It also left Israel free to build up its defenses without limit.

ington. Or, perhaps Russia and Israel will work something out. The Soviets have initiated talks with Israel in Europe on the possibility of resuming diplomatic relations severed by the Russians at the end of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

Before the war, the Russians had the biggest embassy in Israel, with as many as 120 employees; they now miss the intelligence gathered by that swollen staff. Restoration of relations would also give the Soviets a chance to move Israel, at least in small ways, away from the U.S. As for the Israelis, renewed relations might enable them to argue their case in Communist capitals.

Mutual Fears. The negotiators everywhere realize that they have only 90 days—if that—to get a dialogue under way. After the cease-fire extension runs out, another may prove impossible to arrange. The Israelis fear that they will lose their chief advantage—air superiority to protect ground forces from Egyptian ar-

vertible. From the palace balcony, Allende, who won a narrow plurality as the leader of a coalition of far-left parties that includes the Communists, told the crowd below: "The people today enter the house of Presidents with me."

At the brief swearing-in ceremony, outgoing President Eduardo Frei removed from his shoulder the red, white and blue striped *Banda de Bernardo O'Higgins*—the symbol of presidential power. Allende, the sash draped over his own shoulder, exchanged an *abrazo* with Frei, who then left, according to tradition, by a rear exit. He was greeted by the most prolonged ovation of the week, evidence that he might have easily won re-election had he not been barred from succeeding himself. But the rest of the day belonged to Allende.

He lifted the state of emergency that had been in effect since the murder last month of the army commander, General René Schneider. Ten men have been charged in the case, including retired General Roberto Viaux Marambio,

FRANCE

An Unusual Silence

When the firemen arrived, they were struck by an unusual silence. Only a few flames could be seen flickering through the roof of the fortress-like, cinder-block building, and the men assumed that it was a minor fire. But when they pried open an emergency exit at Le Cinq-Sept, a popular dance hall for youths in Saint-Laurent-du-Pont near Grenoble, two of the firemen fainted. Bodies were stacked before them in ghastly contortions of agony. Fists were literally fried against the locked door. Impressions of hands, arms and heads were fused into the cement wall. Almost all of the 145 dead were young—between 17 and 27. It was France's worst single fire since 1938, when 150 people perished in the Nouvelles Galeries department store conflagration in Marseille.

Padlocked Exits. The Cinq-Sept was a pyromaniac's dream. On the balcony overlooking the dance floor, alcoves re-

Only three men—the club's co-owners—had keys to the emergency exits, and two of them died in the flames. Because there was no telephone, Bas ran to his car to notify the fire department instead of opening the doors. Twenty patrons escaped by leaping over the club's bar and running out the only open exit. One survivor, 17-year-old Jean Luc Bastard, described how some who had escaped punched a hole through one of the locked doors with a beam. "People were screaming inside," he said. "We pulled some out through the hole. We could see people behind the door reaching their arms toward us. After five minutes, everybody inside was dead."

Incidentally, the local fire chief claimed that he had no knowledge of the Cinq-Sept's opening or its fire-law violations, though the club was a great attraction and major tax contributor to Saint-Laurent-du-Pont (pop. 3,700). "The mayor's office must certainly have been aware that the dance hall was operating without official authorization," said French

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



MASS FUNERAL SERVICES FOR FIRE VICTIMS IN GYMNASIUM AT SAINT-LAURENT-DU-PONT
Waking up the living after a pyromaniac's dream.

who led an abortive rightist army uprising in October 1969. Addressing 80,000 people at a football stadium later in the week, Allende described the assassination as an example of "the criminal lunacy of those who have always exploited the people." As for the future, "the anti-capitalist movement has assumed power in Chile," he said, and would swiftly create "a republic of the working class."

To aid him in that effort, Allende appointed a 15-man Cabinet that includes only one Chilean of international stature—Jacques Chonchol, an agronomist who headed Frei's agrarian reform movement but broke with the Christian Democrats because he believed they were moving too slowly on land reform. The new President reserved four Cabinet posts for his own Socialist Party, one more than expected, and gave the better-organized Communists only three. That may indicate that Allende has a healthy wariness of his foremost allies.

sembling grottoes were fashioned from papier-mâché. Overhanging the room was an explosively inflammable polyurethane ceiling on which a psychedelic light show was played. Illegal one-way turnstiles, with floor-to-ceiling bars surrounded by caging, were the only entrances to the windowless club. Three of the four emergency exits were padlocked to keep out those without tickets who were eager to hear The Storm, a new rock group from Paris. "I admit that the turnstiles ultimately made the club a sort of prison," said Gilbert Bas, 26, a co-owner of the Cinq-Sept, "but we had to keep out the gate-crashers." By locking the doors, the owners created a cinder-block oven.

The oven was apparently ignited when a youth dropped a match on a foam-rubber chair. Flames quickly licked up the grottoes and spread to the ceiling. In a matter of moments, molten sheets of plastic dripped down on the crowd, setting tables, chairs and clothing on fire.

Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin. The club had reopened last April in a new building; the old one had burned down on the other side of town, without any casualties, in February 1969.

As a result of the fire, self-proclaimed Maoist French university students rioted in Grenoble, smashing windows, throwing Molotov cocktails and threatening a number of local officials with lynching. As a mass funeral was held for the fire's victims, the French government suspended Saint-Laurent-du-Pont's mayor and the prefecture secretary-general of the Alpine department of Isère where the town is situated. Five mayors from neighboring towns resigned in protest against the suspensions, and a Deputy from Isère, Aime Paquet, rose in the National Assembly and urged: "Let the dead sleep in peace." *France-Soir* answered him in a front-page editorial: "We are not trying to disturb the dead," it said. "We want only to wake up the living."



WROCLAW TRAFFIC COP

A kind of controlled effervescence.

POLAND

The Threshold of Change

East Germany has condemned the midi as unsocialistic, but the women of Warsaw and Wroclaw have taken to it with a vengeance. In the shipyards of Gdansk and Szczecin, long hair pokes out from under the green hard hats of younger workers. All over Poland, Communist Party youth clubs reverberate to the latest rock sounds. To be sure, the scene in Cracow is vastly different from the one in California, and when a young Pole talks about turning on, he is probably referring to Radio Warsaw's Third Program, which features hits from the West. A quarter-century after a war in which every fifth Pole perished, Poland is on the verge of transition.

Politically, the generation of traditional and dedicated Communists who have clustered around Party First Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka, 65, may soon be giving way to young leaders epitomized by Stanislaw Kociolek, who at 37 is the youngest Vice Premier in Europe. Economically, the country, after three years of frustrating stagnation, is about to make its first departure toward more efficient industrial management. Culturally, Polish writers, dramatists and movie makers, who in the late 1950s knew a brief period of relatively untrammelled creativity, are hoping for greater artistic freedom.

Empty Symbol. Chastened by centuries of dealing with more powerful neighbors, the Poles have no intention of changing their relationship with the Soviet Union. There is no prospect of a euphoric Prague-style Springtime of Freedom that would unnerve Moscow. The Communist Party may be faulted and occasionally even ridiculed, but its

paramountcy is not seriously questioned. On the private level, Poles enjoy the right of criticism, which they exercise with a relish, but they also realize that in politics boundaries do exist and that by Western standards they are rigidly confining. In spite of these limitations, a kind of controlled effervescence characterizes much of Poland. Reports TIME Correspondent Burton Pines, who spent about six weeks touring the country:

Warsaw is still dominated by the hideous 38-story Palace of Culture, Russia's gift to Poland, but its Stalinist style has become an empty symbol. Downtown Warsaw, with its shiny new glass-and-steel buildings and wide sidewalks, exudes freshness and openness. The women of the major cities are completely attuned to Western fashion; Warsaw's Moda Polska fashion house sends its designers to Paris and London showings. Despite the advent of the midi, the mini is still in vogue. Even Warsaw police-women wear minis, serving as reminders that the Polish leg can be as well turned as any in Europe. Student cabarets, such as Cracow's Pivnica Pod Baranami stage political satires lampooning government bureaucracy and inefficiency.

Perhaps nowhere is the look and outlook of the country as youthful as in the Western Territories, the once German area east of the Oder and Neisse rivers that was awarded to Poland after World War II. Before the war, 7,600,000 Germans occupied those lands; now there are perhaps 100,000. The Bismarck Mausoleum still stands on a hill overlooking Szczecin Harbor (the German name was Stettin), but Germans removed the Iron Chancellor's body after the war. Today, the structure stands as an appropriately empty reminder of past Prussian power. Since the war, millions of Polish settlers have populated the Oder-Neisse territories, turning them into a bustling, productive region. Now 30% of Poland's industrial output and nearly half of its grain come from the new lands. "Take them from us and you cripple us," a Polish economist said. A poet from Zielona Gora put it more lyrically: "This was wild West, our Klondike, this was our melting pot."

Helpful Endorsement. Only two years ago, Poland was gripped by repression. In a challenge to Gomulka's leadership, Mieczyslaw Moczar, the former secret police chief and leader of the party's wartime partisan veterans, is believed to have provoked student demonstrations and then crushed them in a show of his power. Gomulka undercut Moczar by stealing his thunder: he cracked down on dissenters and intellectuals. Many artists and professors lost their jobs. Gomulka sanctioned a campaign against Polish Jews, who were denounced as Zionists disloyal to Poland, for their criticism of Warsaw's support of the Arabs in the 1967 war. As a consequence, an estimated 10,000 were forced to emigrate.

After he reconsolidated his position with the help of a public endorsement

from Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev, Gomulka, who was himself once a victim of Stalinist terror, eased up. Some discharged intellectuals got their jobs back, and the anti-Semitic campaign subsided. Though censors still control Poland's press, the newspapers have resumed fairly frank discussions and make limited constructive criticism of government policy. The Lodz cinema studios recently turned out a new film that depicts Jews as brave and loyal Polish citizens. Poland's two experimental theaters, Jerzy Grotowski's Theater Laboratorium and Henryk Tomaszewski's mime company, once again operate without much party interference.

Meatless Mondays. The party observes an uneasy cease-fire with the Roman Catholic Church, which commands the nominal spiritual allegiance of 95% of Poland's 32.4 million people. Even party members pop over to another town, where they are not known, to get married by a priest and have their children baptized. The party also handles gingerly the country's private farmers, who operate 3,500,000 separate holdings. After attempts at forced collectivization, which contributed to Poland's near revolt in 1956, the regime has allowed relatively free scope to the farmers. Many of them have become rich by Polish standards. "We could nationalize the private farms tomorrow," a ranking Agricultural Ministry official explained, "but then we would have no tomatoes and no flowers. These crops require more initiative to raise than the state farms can provide."

Polish planners realize that they must increase private incentive throughout the entire economy. Despite the glitter of the major cities, much of Poland reflects Socialism's noncaring dinginess. Mondays remain meatless. Long queues of shoppers extend from stores when supplies of

RUETS—BLACK STAR



POLISH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
Turning on to rock.

scarce fruit and butter arrive. Salaries are low. The average worker earns only \$75 per month, and though rents are low, housing space is cramped.

Political Fallout. A new economic plan, which goes into effect Jan. 1, aims at redirecting Poland's economic energies into more dynamic and profitable industries. Under the plan, factories are required to finance 80% of their own expansion from profits, so that only the ones producing high-quality and wanted goods will be able to grow. Polish workers, whose wages have had little connection with the quality of their performance, will now be given bonuses for extra achievement. At the same time, plant managers will be given a greater voice in setting production goals.

Unlike the Hungarian economic reform, the Polish plan has a major weakness in that it does not move far enough toward a market economy and gives central planners in Warsaw veto rights over production quotas. Some Western observers believe that Warsaw conservatives will stifle the plan in fear that the economy is moving out of their grasp. But most Poles remain hopeful. Some even believe that the plan could have important political consequences. "Certainly you cannot have economic reforms without some political reforms," says Mieczyslaw Rakowski, 44, editor in chief of the authoritative weekly *Polityka*. Rakowski, a candidate member of the Central Committee and a protégé of Gomulka, believes that Poland is ready to enter into a stage of "limited democracy." He explains: "By limited democracy I mean more room for discussion within the Communist Party, perhaps even two Communist parties, each presenting its men for election. But I do not mean the development of a party system permitting anti-Communist candidates to run for office."

Rebirth of Spirit. Such concepts will undoubtedly remain only theoretical proposals so long as old Moscow-oriented conservatives, who still have deep anxiety about Western plots and the latent power of anti-Communist forces in Poland, have a decisive influence in policy. But the rising generation of Poles shares few of these phobias. Younger Poles, including even officials, are also far less concerned with doctrinaire ideology. "If you tried to win an argument by quoting Marx," a young Warsaw lady said, "you would be laughed out of the room."

Perhaps the most common characteristic among Poland's young is that they share a strong sense of national pride. They believe that Poland is a vital part of Western Europe in spite of the overwhelming presence of Russia to the east. They feel a stirring of national pride each day at noon when the state radio broadcasts a single prolonged trumpet blast. It commemorates the watchman who stood atop St. Mary's Church in Cracow and spotted the Tartars invading from the east. He sounded his horn in warning until felled by a Tartar arrow.

China: The Siege of the Ants

AFTER more than two decades of Communist rule, regimented pagantry has become China's highest art. To celebrate national holidays, the government often marshals tens and even hundreds of thousands of evenly spaced banner carriers and flag wavers. Schoolchildren throughout the country regularly practice precision marching (often with wooden guns), and even China's productive labor is sometimes carried out in a manner resembling close-order drill. Whatever the occasion, there is one standardized piece of equipment for China's nearly 800 million people—a copy of the little red book containing *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

nightmare of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began. Now, Sinologists believe, China may be about to register its first real economic progress since before the Great Leap.

More important, 1970 seems to mark China's emergence from an almost unfathomable period of mass self-flagellation. Besides economic progress, there are several other important signs that China's rulers have finally cast off the demons of the Cultural Revolution and are committed to a period of relative calm and consolidation. After calling home all but one of its 42 ambassadors during the height of the frenzy, Peking has reassigned 28 to its embassies abroad. Relations

were established with Canada in October, and last week with Italy (see box, page 43). Some time soon, Premier Chou En-lai is expected to make his first trip outside Asia in five years.

The new pragmatism, to be sure, has not yet affected much of the nation's life. China's once rich world of culture remains frozen. Exactly eight stage works have been approved for presentation since 1966—five operas, two ballets and one symphony, all of them bristling with revolutionary ardor (sample title: *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*). Not a single new song has been published since the Cultural Revolution. Political indoctrination in saturation quantities is still forced daily on everyone.

Rising Star. Nor has the new mood forced any change in the top leadership. At 76, Mao remains China's unquestioned ruler. Last month he was given the title "Supreme Commander

of the Whole Nation and the Whole Army," and a new constitution will soon name him head of state, the title held by Liu Shao-chi until he was purged in 1966 as a Soviet-style revisionist. But beneath Mao and his heir apparent, Defense Minister Lin Biao, 63, China's leadership is rapidly changing. At almost every level of administration, the radicals who were riding high during the Cultural Revolution are losing power to Chou En-lai's pragmatists and, even more notably, to the army.

The military dominates the Revolu-



POSTER EMPHASIZING WORK ETHIC
Casting off the demons.

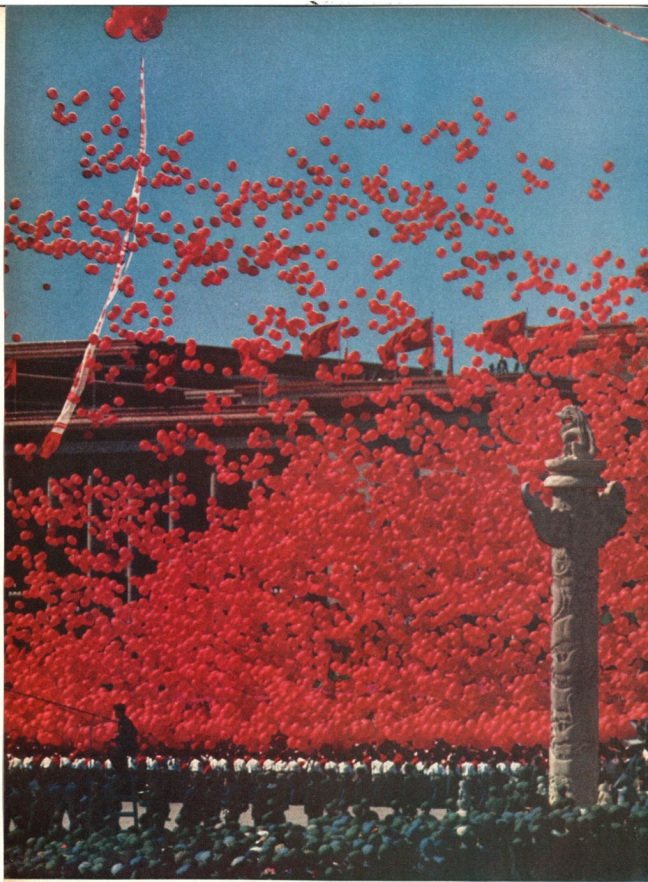
The sweep and mass of "people's pagantry" was especially evident in Peking during last month's National Day parade, which celebrated the 21st anniversary of the Communist takeover. Normally a festival of empty rockets and loaded rhetoric, the event this year was an almost uninterrupted kaleidoscope of less destructive gear—balloons, pompons and brilliant fireworks (see color). If the emphasis was on anything, it was on the goal of practical "socialist reconstruction," as symbolized by gigantic sheaves of wheat drawn through the crowds by farm commune tractors.

Long Night. The change represented a new awakening for China. In economic terms, the world's most populous nation has lain asleep for the past dozen years. The long night began in 1958, when Mao launched his ill-fated Great Leap Forward. His nation had barely recovered from that disaster when the

Celebrating the 21st anniversary of the Communist victory in China, marchers file past a 90-foot statue of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The parade was part of a day-long round of festivities last month in Peking's Tienanmen Square.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSSIN SIPRIHOLU—LIAISON AGENCY





On signal, the crowd floods the sky with more than 10,000 helium-filled red balloons.



Actresses play a scene from a revolutionary Peking opera.



Peking schoolboy recites a poem praising Mao.



Children carry toy guns in a classroom exercise.





Peking Symphony Orchestra performs.



Singer recites revolutionary ballads.





Fireworks dazzle the holiday crowd.

Ballet depicts a women's army company at drill.





Students from Peking's 31st Middle School practice mass formations.



Atop giant sheaves of wheat pulled by tractors, farm commune members join 21st anniversary parade.

tionary Committees that rule at the province and district level. Army officers occupy deputy posts in several of Peking's ministries and hold eleven seats on the ruling 21-man Politburo. The fastest-rising man in China is Army Chief of Staff Huang Yung-sheng (TIME, Aug. 24), who now ranks fifth on official lists. Some radicals, by contrast, have fallen from power, particularly those who gathered around Mao's wife Chiang Ching. Among those conspicuously absent from the National Day parade: Politburo Members Hsieh Fu-chih and

Chen Po-ta, both powerful proponents of the Cultural Revolution. Army control, however, is far from complete, and the radicals have not given up.

Barefoot Doctors. Despite the infighting, China's planners have reached a consensus on one "great strategic plan." It is a blueprint for comprehensive reform designed to change social, economic and educational life for decades to come. Though the long-term goal remains industrialization, the plan calls for an initial revitalization of rural life by moving urban industries and vast

numbers of people to the countryside.

Already, millions of city dwellers—students, Red Guards, factory workers, intellectuals—have been packed off to work in hinterland communities. Before all 840 of China's campuses were closed during the Cultural Revolution, there were 800,000 students. Now, with so many college-age youths down on the farms, China's college population stands at a mere 80,000 at about a dozen universities. Peking's rustication program has not pleased a good many city-dwelling professionals who are forced to

The Pros and Cons of Recognition

CHINA'S foreign relations are daily developing," said Defense Minister Lin Piao at this year's National Day celebrations. "We have friends all over the world." That was not an idle boast. Picking up the pieces of its shattered foreign relations in the wake of Mao Tse-tung's convulsive Cultural Revolution, Peking has mounted a skillful diplomatic offensive. Last week, after nearly two years of secret negotiations, Italy and China recognized each other and agreed to establish diplomatic relations. Only three weeks earlier, Peking had reached a similar agreement with Canada.

Both deals were based on a compromise. Initially, China told both Ottawa and Rome that they would have to recognize Communist sovereignty over Taiwan. Headquarters for the Nationalist Chinese since 1949, the island has become an increasingly prosperous and militarily potent entity, with a greater population (14 million) than nearly three quarters of the United Nations' 127 members. In the end, Peking settled for vague statements from the two that they "take note" of the Communist claim. As soon as Canada and Italy recognized the Communists, Taiwan broke off relations with them.

Italy was the seventh of NATO's 15 members to recognize Peking*, thus placing half of Washington's closest allies in direct opposition to U.S. policy on China. Belgium, another NATO member, is expected to recognize Mao's regime shortly, as are Austria and Chile. Altogether, 50 countries now recognize the Peking regime as China's legitimate government.

Next week the annual census on Peking's legitimacy will be taken, as delegates to the United Nations General Assembly vote on China's admission to the U.N. Because that admission has always been treated as an "important question" requiring a two-thirds assenting vote, there is almost no chance that Peking will gain membership. Even so, if a majority of the members voting approve, the U.S. will find itself in an awkward position as chief lobbyist against China's admission.

Whatever the vote, it will increase pressure on Washington to modify its China policy. The first step could be a negative one—simply to stop campaigning against Peking's admission to the U.N. The ultimate change in U.S. policy would be full recognition of China.

Recognition can mean one of two things. It can simply acknowledge a *de facto* situation, without making any moral judgments about it. As Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has put it: "To recognize the Peking government does not mean that we approve of what it is doing." In some instances, however, governments withhold recognition from a country because it endangers the peace or harasses its neighbors. Many African nations refuse to recognize South Africa because it

denies equal rights to blacks and mixed-blood "coloreds." At the same time, many of them do not protest Peking's use of terror against its citizens. The U.S., which recognizes South Africa but not Peking, is often accused of maintaining precisely the opposite double standard. Because of such moral v. practical dilemmas, most nations try to avoid using recognition as a form of judgment.

The U.S. officially maintains that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists remain the rightful rulers of mainland China, and for 21 years has refused to recognize Mao's regime. Aside from formally acknowledging reality, a change in U.S. policy would have a number of other advantages, as well as some disadvantages.

The pros:

- The presence of ambassadors in each other's capitals might lead to serious negotiations—though British and French envoys in Peking have not found this to be true.
- Big-league recognition might encourage China to assume more responsibility. Nuclear disarmament and Viet Nam are the most obvious problems that will be difficult to solve without China's cooperation.
- More cordial relations might provide both countries with leverage against Soviet power. Just as the specter of U.S.-Soviet collusion worries the Chinese, closer relations between Washington and Peking just might persuade the Soviets to pursue a more cautious policy.
- U.S. recognition of China would improve Washington's standing, especially among Third World nations which resent its campaigning to consign China to a kind of outcast status.

The cons:

- U.S. recognition would give China's diplomatic offensive a tremendous lift, particularly in Asia, and would probably lead to a stepup in Peking's attempt at subversion throughout the area.
- The U.S. would probably be forced to abandon an ally to which it is bound by tradition as well as treaty. Since the Nationalist government has existed on Taiwan as long as Mao's in Peking, a move that would estrange it from Washington and isolate it from other countries offers no more justice than current U.S. policy.
- The most logical course would seem to be unilateral U.S. recognition of both Peking and Taipei. The "two Chinas" plan, however, would infuriate both Chinas. Taiwan would condemn the policy, though it would probably not break with the U.S. Peking would probably repudiate the move, convinced that the U.S. was trying to deny them Taiwan. The U.S. would thus be left with an alienated ally and an enemy even more antagonistic than before. Nevertheless, virtually all State Department Sinologists feel that a slow conversion to a "two Chinas" policy is the only worthwhile course open to Washington. They have been advocating such a course for three years, and now the Nixon Administration is quietly moving in that direction.

* The others: Britain, France, Canada, The Netherlands, Denmark and Norway.

become "barefoot" doctors and teachers.

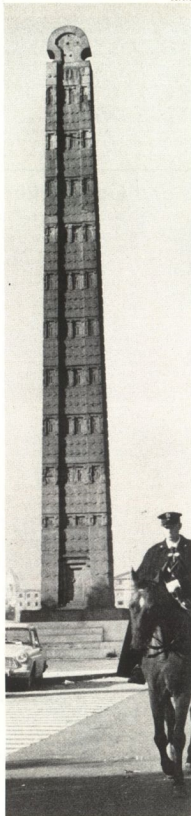
The dispersion is aimed at making use of China's most abundant resource—manpower—in the areas where the country needs it most: food production and basic industries. The 1970 grain harvest, while it did not come anywhere near making China self-sufficient, is expected to be the most bountiful in China's history—about 200 million tons. The authoritative Hong Kong weekly, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, estimates that the overall economic growth rate could be as high as 10%, paced by chemicals, petroleum, iron, steel and electric power. In addition, some essential projects have been completed as a result of the sheer bulk of manpower. Provincial authorities in central China mobilized nearly half a million workers to build a 160-mile canal between Honan, Anhwei and Kiangsu provinces, linking several of central China's major rivers. In the Manchurian city of Anshan, 2,300 steel-mill workers and their families spread themselves along a 21-mile road and passed gravel to each other in bags and basins to lay a foundation for a new plant addition. *People's Daily* describes such shock tactics as "ants laying siege" to industrial projects.

Glory Rice. Parts of Mao's scheme, however, have proved wasteful or simply impossible. To make various sections of the country self-sufficient in case of attack—presumably by the Soviet Union—each of China's 26 provinces and regions has been forced to build at least one heavy industry and scores of light industries. One result of the decentralization program: a factory in Chinghai is assembling its own "Chinghai Lake"—brand trucks in a desert province inhabited mostly by yak-riding nomads who do not even need roads.

In addition, with factories going up all over the country and demanding quick delivery of parts and other supplies, China's inadequate distribution system is unable to cope. Peking, however, will not accept that as an excuse. "The idea that production is not possible when raw materials run short," said a memorandum, "is a cowardly, do-nothing attitude."

The great strategic plan is not designed with the welfare of the average Chinese in mind. Peking has said nothing about lifting the food rationing that has kept one-fifth of the world's population on a meager diet for 17 years. Housewives are forced to hold back several handfuls of "glory rice" or wheat at every meal against future shortages or wartime emergency. For most, life remains a dreary round of shopping for short supplies, endless political lectures and hard work. Not a few find it intolerable. As many as 10,000 escape each year, most by undertaking a perilous eight-hour swim across the Pearl River estuary to Hong Kong. Last week, with winter setting in, 200 made it. But in the waters around the British crown colony, police recovered the bodies of 32 Chinese who did not.

DUFOUR



OBELISK OF AKSUM IN ROME
Nothing but a sense of honor.

ETHIOPIA

No Hard Feelings But No Obelisk Either

Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie was a monarch of only 43 when his proud East African kingdom suffered one of the great outrages of the 20th century. While the League of Nations sat mute in Geneva in 1936, Italian troops overran the land and Benito Mussolini appeared on a Rome balcony to boast: "At last Italy has its empire!"

Ethiopia paid a high price for *Il Duce's* Caesarean pretensions. By the time British troops crushed the Italian invaders in 1941, 760,000 Ethiopians had been killed. Even so, Selassie ordered his people to treat the defeated Italians with "a sense of honor and a human heart."

For years, Rome has been urging Selassie to pay a reconciliatory visit, but he has always demurred. One reason for his hesitancy was an 83-ft. stone obelisk that now stands in front of the headquarters of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization. Italian troops stole the obelisk from the ancient Ethiopian capital at Aksum, and Mussolini had it set up in Rome. Ethiopians want it back, but the Italians have maintained that the shaft is too weak to be moved. Moreover, neo-Fascist extremists would probably raise a ruckus if *Il Duce's* trophy were taken away.

In the end, there was nothing Selassie could do but show his sense of honor once more. Still erect at 78, the old Lion of Judah finally arrived in Rome last week for a nine-day visit marking the symbolic reconciliation of the two countries. No more hard feelings—but no obelisk either. So far, Rome has made no move to return the pillar, and the only compensation the King of Kings seems likely to get was the state banquet and immense reception held in his honor at the Quirinale Palace.

TUNISIA

Endurance Record

Just in time for Christmas, the Tunisian state publishing monopoly has announced that it is putting President Habib Bourguiba's choicest speeches on no fewer than 485 long-playing records costing a mere \$1 each. So far, the buyers have been Tunisian youth groups, cells of the ruling Neo-Destour Party, trade unions and embassies. When the set is complete (only 320 speeches are available now), Bourguiba fans will be able to hear 450 hours of speechifying on topics ranging from veils and mini-skirts to population and polygamy.

It is probably too late for the 1970 holiday season, but other treats could lie in store if leaders elsewhere were to pick up the idea: *The Compleat Kosygin*, *The Long-Playing U Thant*, *Castro to Cut Cane By*, *Thieu for Tea*, *The Little Red Album of Chairman Mao's Thoughts*, *The Splendacious Sciolisms of Spiro* (in stereo).



The only \$50 electronic that keeps you up to date.

We think a man should not only have the correct time, but the correct date as well. That's why we built an automatic calendar into our electronic watch.

And the Electronic Timex is the lowest priced electronic watch on the market with an automatic calendar.

This watch has many other great features: It never needs winding. Ever. (It's powered for a whole year by a tiny replaceable energy cell.)

Its transistorized circuit provides 99.99%* accuracy.

It is also water-resistant and dust-resistant. And it even has a jump sweep second hand.

There's another nice feature—you have a choice of four handsome styles.



The Electronic TIMEX. It never needs winding.

Model Plus 99041 *Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy



LANE & FONDA
Springing.

Even for the most liberated of women, a man sometimes comes in handy. Actress **Jane Fonda's** handyman last week was Lawyer-Author **Mark Lane** (*Rush to Judgment*), who flew from New York to Cleveland to spring Jane from jail. Charged with importing some 2,000 tranquilizers and pep pills from Canada and roughing up a cop and a customs agent to boot, Jane, 32, said of her overnight stay in stir: "When you think that the best people in this country are now in jail, I didn't mind it at all." For **Dewi Sukarno**, 30, widow of the late President Sukarno of Indonesia, it was a helping hand at the *pot-au-feu* from Public Relations Man **Jean-Claude Dauzonne** in Paris. On a shopping spree in Rome, Dutch Actress **Talitha Pol** was glad to lean on the arm—not to mention the banknotes presumably stuffed in the shoulder bag—of Husband **Eugene Paul Getty**, son of the oil billionaire.

"Ripeness is all," said King Lear. Quite possibly. But not in a society based on the planned obsolescence of men as well as machines. **Paul Weiss**, retired Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale and one of the nation's foremost teachers, has been denied the Albert Schweitzer Chair at Fordham University because, at 69, he is considered too old. He has now sued, charging discrimination and asserting that he is as alert and vigorous as ever. Says he: "The idea of age has never occurred to me."

Rock Singer **Grace Slick**, the limpid-eyed beauty who is the air of **Jefferson Airplane**, reveals in *Stereo Review* that she once tried to turn on the President. **Tricia Nixon** had invited fellow alumnae of Manhattan's Finch College to a White House party, and Grace took along **Abbie Hoffman** as escort. She also brought 600 micro-milligrams of LSD for the tea. White House guards, Grace claims, threw her and Hoffman



DAUZONNE & SUKARNO
Stirring.

PEOPLE

out. "Boy, were they right," said Grace. "I really would have done it. I figured the worst thing a little acid could do to Tricia is turn her into merely a delightful person instead of a grinning robot. But we were aiming for the Old Dad, hoping he might come to the party and have a cup of tea. Far out!"

George Washington University's most noted faculty member is **Earl Warren**, 79, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who will hold six seminars a term. Teacher Warren will accept no salary, but expects a large payoff in fun. "I like to visit with young people," he said enthusiastically after his first session last week. "But I don't intend to start an academic career at my advanced age, particularly when professors 15 years younger are being asked to retire."

As if it weren't already obvious to all the world that Hollywood is nothing but a sexist conspiracy, Washington's American Film Institute has gone to the trouble of collecting some glaring examples. Among them: Choreographer **Busby Berkeley's Dames**, with its kaleidoscopic chorines demonstrating "the woman as object"; **Katharine Hepburn** in *Woman of the Year*, playing a liberated female journalist, only to fade out in the kitchen when **Spencer Tracy** calls her "unfeminine" because she can't cook; **Bette Davis's** surrender to **Henry Fonda** in *Jezebel* which, according to the program notes, is "an object of contempt to feminists rivaled only by **Marglene Dietrich's** trudge into the desert in *Morocco*."

Irreverent contemplators of modern art who mutter that they could do as well get a bit of a boost last week from none other than **Pablo Picasso**. A Spanish house painter broke into France's Vallauris Museum, using a roller to paint out part of a large Picasso called *War and Peace* and then substituted a design of his own. The 89-year-



THE GETTYS
Shopping.

old master made one of his rare sorties from seclusion to inspect the damage. His comment: "Not bad at all."

Earl Mountbatten of Burma rode high in a lowly style between visits to a President and a King. In Washington for a dinner with **President Nixon**, Mountbatten found that the only plane that would get him home to London in time for an appointment with Sweden's **King Gustav Adolf VI** was a Pan American freighter. Undaunted, the former Viceroy of India and cousin of Britain's Queen flew the Atlantic in a bucket seat in the hold. Said the 70-year-old earl: "The best way to travel."

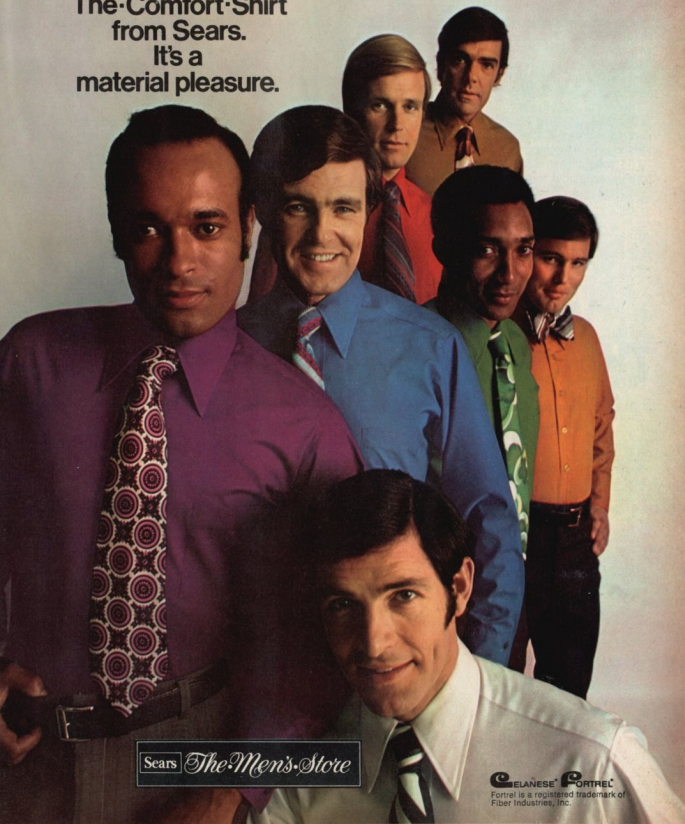
Rock and Blues Superstar **Janis Joplin**, who died of a drug overdose five weeks ago, gave an all-night bash in a San Anselmo, Calif., nightclub last week. "Pearl," as she liked her pals to call her, left \$2,500 in her will "so my friends can have a ball after I'm gone." The invitations read "The drinks are on Pearl," and about 200 turned up to groove on the music of—among other groups—the **Grateful Dead**.

TV Talk-Showman **David Frost** unplugged his transatlantic commuting schedule last week to get gussied up in formal clothes and be invested in the Order of the British Empire ("for services to television") by **Queen Elizabeth**. "How unusual to see you in England in the middle of the week," she remarked, aware that Frost is ordinarily in Manhattan on weekdays, taping his show. Elizabeth herself was awarded a less formal accolade. "The Queen is a potential fatty," said the British magazine *Slimming*, holding her up to the weak-willed as a shining example of will power. "Very few people could go to the banquets she has to go to and not get fat." Elizabeth's secret, according to the magazine: a stringent 750-calorie, high-protein, no-carbohydrate diet.

50% Celanese Fortrel® polyester, and 50% cotton. That's what makes The-Comfort-Shirt a material pleasure. Celanese, as Sears knows, subjects all their shirt fabric styles to 32 tests. Performance tests. Content requirement tests and construction tests. And

if the fabric doesn't pass some of the tests, it doesn't pass any of the tests. The idea is, if you like material pleasures (at a material value) you'll love The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears...the dress shirt that's so comfortable, you'll forget you've got it on.

**The-Comfort-Shirt
from Sears.
It's a
material pleasure.**



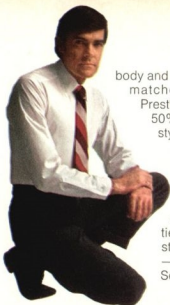
Sears *The Men's Store*

CELANESE® FORTREL®
Fortrel is a registered trademark of
Fiber Industries, Inc.

Sears has discovered that it's not the tie that binds. On most dress shirts, it's the collar. But The-Comfort-Shirt isn't most dress shirts. It's the shirt with the exclusive C-Band® collar. The collar is contoured (that's what the C stands for) to follow the natural contour of a man's neck. So, naturally, it fits better and feels more comfortable.

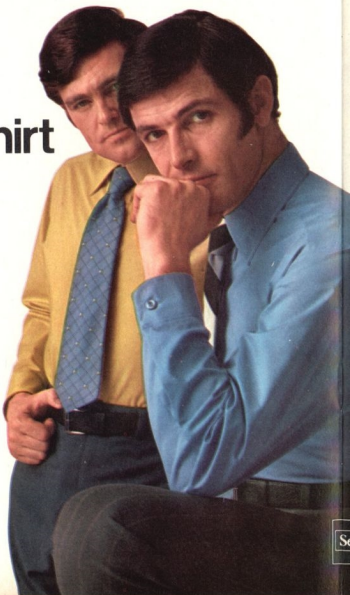
The collar is cut lower in front so it can't creep up. And it's cut higher in back so more of it shows, which happens to be the style right now.

The solid and striped colors happen to be the style now, too. And the tapered



body and sleeves, extra-long shirrtails, color matched buttons, magnificent Perma-Prest® fabric—50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton. And the cuff and collar styles. That's the spread collar shown on these two pages. The long point buttonless button-down (with removable, flexible collar stays) is on the preceding and final pages. And what a relief—they're all available, along with gotogether ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the catalog. Buy a few—they're always a great value at Sears low prices.

What a relief. The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears.



SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

Se



**The-Comfort-Shirt
from Sears; and
why there's
no other no-iron
dress shirt like it.**

Sure there are plenty of no-iron dress shirts around nowadays. But The-Comfort-Shirt is a Perma-Prest® no-iron dress shirt. And only Sears can make that statement.

The whole idea of the Perma-Prest process is that the 50% Fortrel polyester, 50% cotton fabric is made into a shirt—first. Then and only then is the shirt pressed and heat-set to keep the press permanent.

Makes sense. Yet, most other no-iron dress shirts aren't processed that way. Most of the others use a process where the fabric is pressed and heat-set first—and then it's made into a shirt.

Which means any mistakes that happen while the fabric is being made into a shirt will be there after the fabric is made into a shirt. And Sears says that doesn't make sense.

Sears also says their exclusive Perma-Prest process is another reason why they wanted a fabric made with Fortrel polyester for The-Comfort-Shirt. A Perma-Prest fabric has to resist wrinkling, and it has to come out of the washer and tumble-drier like no other no-iron dress shirt.

Like The-Comfort-Shirt, from Sears.

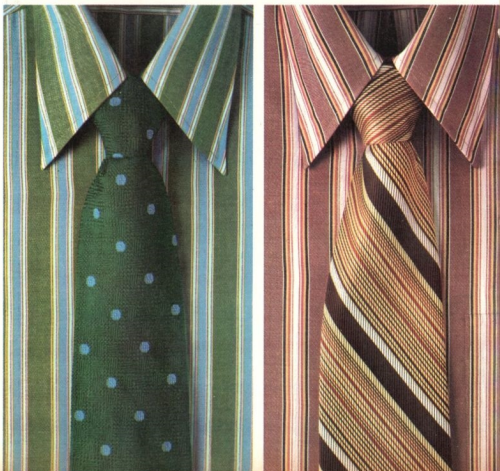
See The-Comfort-Shirt along with go-together ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the Catalog.

Sears *The Men's Store*

Sears puts
it all together



Ask for a free copy of the
"Mark of Fashion" booklet at a
Sears Men's Store near you.



After-dinner drinks always confused me until I met Charles."



"Stick with what you start with... that's my motto. Scotch before dinner calls for a Scotch Golden Gate afterward. Half Scotch. Half Yellow Chartreuse. It's not a switch. Merely an interesting development."



Yellow Chartreuse, 86 proof, poured half-and-half with Scotch or Bourbon, Vodka, Canadian or Gin, creates a Golden Gate. Lets you stay with what you start with. Not to be confused with 110 proof Green Chartreuse, which is best enjoyed neat, chilled or over ice. Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.
CHARTREUSE
The indispensable liqueurs

How to get enough life insurance without eating up your budget.

At State Farm, our impartial Matchmaker service can make sure you won't end up with more than enough life insurance at the expense of something else.

Here's how it works. We take your financial needs and responsibilities and feed them into our computer. It's programmed to compare your needs with a wealth of insurance information.

Information about how much and what kinds of insurance people like you have needed in the past. Information backed up with national and industry statistics, and years of State Farm experience.

The result is an objective life insurance program computed to match your needs, as well as your budget.

Find out all you really need. Ask a State Farm agent soon.

**Our Matchmaker
will tell you when
enough's enough.**



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STATE FARM LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. In New York and Wisconsin, non-participating life insurance is offered through State Farm Life and Accident Assurance Company. Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois.

EDUCATION

Riling Rafferty

In one of last week's most surprising election upsets, California's flamboyant, fundamentalist educator Max Rafferty was denied a third term as state superintendent of public instruction. The winner is Rafferty's polar opposite: Wilson Riles, 53, a tall (6 ft. 4 in.), soft-spoken authority on teaching poor children, who talked sense about teacher training and preschool education (TIME, Nov. 2). Riles became the first black ever elected to statewide office in California.

Early in the campaign, Rafferty topped the polls and entranced his admirers by blasting unruly students, the decline of "moral" instruction and busing for school desegregation. Yet Rafferty had fallen out of favor with many Republicans two years ago, when his blustery senatorial campaign lost the seat to a Democrat. Last March fiscal conservatives were dismayed by a non-partisan study that cited waste and inefficiency in Rafferty's department.

Rafferty's biggest mistake turned out to be underestimating the intelligence of the voters. Riles took them seriously. In two debates, for example, he nimbly deflected Rafferty's attacks on sex education by pointing out that California law does not require it for any child whose parents object. Riles played



WINNER RILES & WIFE
Alternative to sloganeering.

up flaws in Rafferty's record but more often stressed his own expertise.

Born in Alexandria, La., Riles was orphaned at the age of nine, raised by family friends. Later he moved to Flagstaff, Ariz., where he attended nearby Northern Arizona University. His first teaching job was in a one-room school on an Apache reservation in Pistol Creek. After Army Air Corps service, he returned to teaching, then took off four years to run West Coast operations

of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation. He joined the California Department of Education in 1958.

During the campaign he drew on his experience to propose a statewide form of Head Start for rich as well as poor children. He hopes to find new ways to hold schools accountable for their academic performance and tell taxpayers "what they are getting for their money."

Presented with a plausible alternative to Rafferty's sloganeering, voters of all races and regions helped give Riles a solid 54.1% majority.

C for College Boards

Each year, thousands of U.S. high school students lunge for that brass ring of academic success: high scores on the College Entrance Examination Board's aptitude and achievement tests. Those who average more than 650 (maximum: 800) go to the head of the admissions line at 900 select colleges, ranging from Harvard to Harvey Mudd.^{*} But do the largely multiple-choice tests

A. Identify the full potential of poor and minority-group students?

B. Spot creativity, motivation and eventual job success?

C. Favor affluent, narrowly academic male students at elite high schools?

According to more and more ex-

^{*} An equal number of students now take the slightly different tests given by the eleven-year-old American College Testing Program.

WANTED BY FBI



DOHRN



SAXE



POWER



FINE



BURT



D. ARMSTRONG



K. ARMSTRONG



BISHOP



BROWN

FOR years, U.S. post offices have been adorned with mug shots of the FBI's "ten most wanted fugitives." No longer does the list consist solely of men on the lam for felonies like rape and kidnaping. Young radicals charged with guerrilla violence now dominate the expanded, 16-name list.

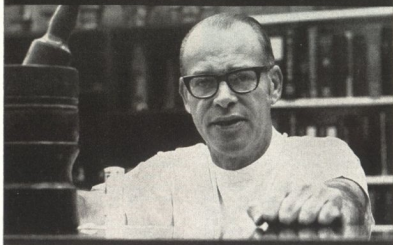
The newest additions are three women. Bernardine Dohrn, 28, a leading Weatherwoman, is charged with violating the federal antiriot law in Chicago during last fall's "Days of Rage." Susan Saxe and Katherine Power, 21-year-old former Brandeis students, are wanted, among other things, for taking part in the September robbery of a Boston bank in which a policeman was killed.

Also on the list are four young men who allegedly bombed the University

of Wisconsin's Army Mathematics Research Center in August, killing a post-graduate researcher. They are David Fine, 18; Leo Burt, 22; Dwight Armstrong, 19, and his brother Karleton, 24, a former Wisconsin student. Black Militant H. Rap Brown, 27, made the list after he failed to appear before a Maryland court last May for trial on charges of inciting to riot and arson during a 1967 demonstration. The longest search has been for Cameron Bishop, 28, charged with the 1969 dynamiting of electric power lines that supplied Colorado defense plants.

Though nonpolitical crime is far more prevalent than domestic guerrilla warfare, the FBI has clearly decided that violent radicals deserve more publicity than conventional criminals.

**"You get more value
for your dollar in
prescription drugs today
than ever before..."**



but try to tell someone."

A pharmacist talks about the price of medicines and the price of health care.

Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

True, after many years of a downward trend, the drug price index has gone up. But the rise is a modest one compared to the overall cost of health care and the sharp upswing in consumer prices. In the past year, the price index for prescriptions rose 1.7% ... while the cost of living was climbing 6.0%.

The average family spends a little more than one-half cent of its consumer dollar on prescription drugs. Less than a dime out of every medical care dollar goes for these health-giving medicines ... a smaller percentage than a family spent 10 years ago.

The average prescription today costs \$3.68*. For this, the purchaser gets products that are more effective than those available a decade ago. Six out of ten of the most often prescribed drugs were not even available then. These new medicines give the doctor more potent weapons. More ailments are being controlled. Patients get out of the hospital sooner (or stay out altogether). And this can mean a sizeable savings in the family's health care budget.

As a professional, I know that drug industry competition ... in price, research, quality, new products and service ... has meant continued increases in the value my customers receive.

*Another point of view ...
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers
Association, 1155 15th St.,
N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

*American Druggist Survey, 1969

parts, the correct answer is C. As a result, the College Board, an association of schools and colleges formed to supervise the tests, appointed a 21-member commission in 1967 to conduct the first wholesale examination of the exams in 30 years. Last week the commission, chaired by Harvard Education Professor David V. Tiedeman, confirmed many of the critics' doubts.

Masked Skills. The tests mainly predict if a student can achieve "good grades in the standard curriculums as they are usually taught." Test pressures distort education at every level. While some schools overemphasize test taking, colleges occasionally reject low scorers with other talents that would benefit society as well as colleges themselves. Example: 85% of black high school seniors score below the current national average (375) on the verbal-aptitude test. Those scores reflect poor schooling, not the blacks' real potential, says the commission. For all races, the tests tend to mask special skills and interests.

Chiding the College Board for sluggishness, the commission says that it should end its preoccupation with helping admissions directors and start helping students as well. One method: developing tests to find more precisely what deficiencies students have, and show colleges what kinds of instruction would produce improvement. Since 75% of high school graduates will probably seek admission by 1980, says the commission, the Board should also set up a nationwide, computerized service to match high school students with suitable colleges and even jobs.

Marcuse v. Reich

Until recently, the chief moral authority for radical students was Herbert Marcuse, the septuagenarian Marx-influenced philosopher and author of *One-Dimensional Man*. He faces a hot new rival: Yale Law Professor Charles Reich, 42, author of *The Greening of America*. Though Reich acknowledges an intellectual debt to Marcuse, the old philosopher has now lit into Reich for missing the main point. Writing on the opposite-editorial page of the New York Times last week, Marcuse attacked Reich's view that a more humane America will be born as the nation is inherited by young subscribers to the anticapitalist hippie ethic of "Consciousness III" (TIME, Nov. 2).

As Marcuse sees it, Reich fails to realize that "the machine" responsible for "repression, misery and frustration" is run by "very definite, identifiable persons, groups, classes and interests." Changing them, Marcuse implies, will take "preparation, organization, mobilization." By shunning the necessities of power, Reich merely "transfigures social and political radicalism" into the toothless utopianism of "moral rearmament." *Greening*, declares Marcuse, should forthwith be dismissed as a cop-out—the "Establishment version of the great rebellion," not the real one.

Better ideas make better cars: 1971 Mercury Marquis.



1. Take the most dramatic styling in the medium-priced class.

Every detail contributes to the dramatic look of the 1971 Marquis. The elegant, textured grille. The concealed headlamps. The bold contours of the power dome hood. The vinyl roof edged with chrome on Brougham models.



2. Add the best ride ideas from the world's most expensive cars.

The Marquis has a ride only the world's great luxury cars can match—so smooth you can sip tea at 45 mph without spilling. Extra insulation is used in 30 areas of the car to hush wind and road noise.



3. And you have a better medium-priced car.

The Marquis Brougham comes with a 429 cubic inch V-8 engine, Select-Shift automatic transmission, concealed headlamps, vinyl roof, power steering, power windows, power brakes. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. See your nearby Mercury dealer soon.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIV.



The Canadians Canadians are proud of

Canada is a proud land. One of proud people, proud of things Canadian. OFC is their whisky, blended to their taste, with a clean, mellow flavor. Serve OFC proudly. That's how it was made.

The whole world admires Canadian fur fashions; below, Donald Richer, a well-known fur designer.



O.F.C.



Imported Canadian Whisky

Blended Canadian Whisky - Distilled, taste-tested and bottled in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada - 6 years old, 86.8 proof. ©Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

SPORT

Hustling the Heisman Hopefuls

Shortly after he arrived at Notre Dame, Quarterback Joe Theismann was called into the office of Sports Information Director Roger Valdiserri. "Son," said Valdiserri, "how do you pronounce your name?" "Thees-man," said Theismann. "Nope," said Valdiserri. "From now on it's *Thigs*-man, just like in Heisman." Theismann got the message.

And so, in countless ways from countless campus press mills, has the message been put across to the 1,300 sports-writers and broadcasters who will vote later this month to determine the winner of the Heisman Memorial Trophy, a 50-lb. hunk of bronze that is awarded annually to the "outstanding college football player of the United States." Whoever wins it should award a trophy to his campaign manager, otherwise known as sports information director. Indeed, in this election year, the hustle for the Heisman has been so hard a sell that it has been difficult to tell the players from the politicians.

Down the Sidelines. In Mississippi, the entire state is in the throes of "Archie fever." The town council of Drew (pop. 2,143) has erected highway signs proudly proclaiming: HOME OF ARCHIE MANNING OF THE OLE MISS REBELS. To accommodate national TV coverage for Archie, the state legislature spent \$150,000 to improve the lighting in the Memorial Stadium in Jackson, while at the University of Mississippi's Hemingway Stadium they only half-jokingly call the new artificial turf the "Archie Manning Memorial Carpet." Beyond that, there are buttons (ARCHIE FOR HEISMAN TROPHY), bumper stickers (ARCHIE'S ARMY), Archie handbills, Archie posters, Archie dolls, Archie T-shirts and an Archie campaign song that has sold more than 50,000 copies. Sung by the Rebel Rousers on the Huddy Toddy label, *The Ballad of Ar-*

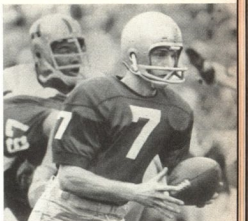
chie Who is a twangy tribute to "the best dadburned quarterback to ever play the game":

*The ball is on the fifty,
The down is third and ten,
He runs it down the sidelines;
Yes, Archie takes it in.*

Until he injured his left wrist last week, Manning had as good a claim to the trophy as anyone in college football. He became known as Heismaning last season when he passed for nine touchdowns and ran for 14 more to pile up a remarkable 2,264 yds. in total offense. So far this season, he has tossed eleven touchdown passes in six games. A roll-out passer who likes to look in one direction and throw in another, the 6-ft., 31-in., 205-lb. Manning has the size to uncork the long bomb—or fake it and go powering down the sidelines. A freckle-faced country boy, he looks a bit like Huck Finn in hip pads—and talks like him too. When asked about Archie fever, he says, "The only thing I can figure out is that Archie is a different name. Maybe if it were Bill or something, none of this would have started." Not a chance.

As for Joe Theismann, his name would be rhymed with Heisman even if he spelled it Zzyz. Since taking over for the injured Terry Hanratty at the end of the 1968 season, he has led the Fighting Irish to 16 victories and only two defeats. This season, with Split End Tom Gatewood, the nation's top receiver, as his prime target, he has hit on 80 of 126 passes to lead the nation's quarterbacks with an astounding .635 completion average. A wispy 6 ft., 170 lbs., Theismann is what Coach Ara Parseghian calls "a darting scrambler"—a rabbit runner who can turn a broken pass play into a long gainer. He is so effective that the Irish have piled up an average of 544 yds. a game to lead the country in total offense—and total exposure. Each week Notre Dame's games are carried over 140 TV stations and 380 radio stations, statistics that may explain why Notre Dame players have won the Heisman Trophy a record six times since it was first awarded 35 years ago.

Nothing but Win. Ordinarily two stars of such magnitude would have the race pretty much to themselves. Not this season. In the year of the college quarterback, there are two other exceptionally talented youngsters with all the credentials. At Ohio State, they shout hosannas for Rex Kern, a 6-ft., 184-lb. hardcase who seems to be happiest when he is busting heads with linebackers on a keeper play. He passes very little and runs a lot; last season he was the team's second leading ground-gainer with 583 yds. and nine touchdowns. In six games this season, he has already scored seven touchdowns and



THEISMANN HANDING OFF
Thigs as in *highs*.

gained 491 yds., for an average of 6.6 yds. a carry. The best ball handler of all the Heisman hopefuls, he has more than once faked out the entire defense—and the TV cameramen as well—to scamper for long yardage. Sticking close to Coach Woody Hayes' grind-it-out game plan, Kern is no razzle-dazzler. All he does is win. In three seasons, "King Rex," as he is called in Columbus, has led the Buckeyes to 22 victories in 23 games. This season, heading what local promoters like to call "the Team of the Decade," he is building on a record that could be improved only by the winning of the Heisman.

All of which sounds laughable out at Stanford, where Jim Plunkett is enthroned. Plunkett has smashed every quarterbacking record in the Pacific Eight Conference. His performance in the second quarter of this year's Washington State game is more or less typical. Spotting a hole in the Washington State defense, Plunkett changed plays at the line of scrimmage, faked a pitch-out and raced 39 yds. for a touchdown. A short while later, he drilled a short pass to his fullback for another score. Soon after that, he coolly dropped back into his own end zone, then rifled the ball half the length of the field for another score on a play that covered 96 yds.—the longest pass play in Stanford history. That gave Plunkett a career total of 6,570 yds. in total offense and made him the greatest yardage gainer in N.C.A.A. history. He has since topped the 7,000-yd. mark, completing 132 passes and twelve touchdowns for the season so far.

A big (6 ft., 3 in., 204 lbs.), brainy team leader in the mold of the Los Angeles Rams' Roman Gabriel, Plunkett is the kind of drop-back passer that professional scouts dream about. The pro recruiters will have to hold off until after New Year's Day, however, for Plunkett and Stanford have all but clinched a bid to the Rose Bowl, an honor that has prompted Jim's teammates to call him H.T.C.—short for "Heisman Trophy Candidate."



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BEHAVIOR

Spock on Teens

As counselor to parents in *Baby and Child Care*, Dr. Benjamin Spock won the devotion of a generation of child-raisers. As antiwar activist, he lost many of his mature admirers but gained hordes of young worshipers. Now, as adviser to adolescents in *A Teenager's Guide to Life and Love* (Simon & Schuster; \$4.95), Dr. Spock advocates many of the old virtues and expresses views that he admits may be derided by the young.

In *Teenager's Guide*, Dr. Spock turns thumbs down on tobacco, alcohol and marijuana. He is against anything but group dating until 16 or 17 and, in most cases, anything "beyond kissing and embracing" if there is no "commitment to marriage." Dirty clothes and messy rooms are inexcusable and represent nothing more than "nose-thumbing" at parents. Daily showers and underarm deodorants are important, as are politeness and "getting chores done before your parents have to prod you."

Sex Taboo. In some of his advice, Spock veers from the traditional. He advises the boy who aches after petting because he has refrained from intercourse to "solve the problem by allowing or encouraging himself to have an orgasm." About young people who make an "arrangement" by living together, he writes: "If the idea is acceptable to them, it may be a responsible way to enter marriage."

Dr. Spock offers teen-agers his translations of Freudian theory: Why are adolescents sometimes attracted to their own sex? Because "the taboo against interest in the opposite sex, which was so intense from about six to eleven years, can't be outgrown in a hurry." Why is an early infatuation so overwhelming? Often because the loved person looks or acts like a parent who was "loved so intensely in early childhood."

Penis Envy. Although his book is addressed to teen-agers, Spock digresses to take issue with the Women's Liberation Movement. He insists that woman's place is mostly at home, at least until children are seven or eight years old. He cites penis envy—a concept scorned by feminists—as a factor in the rivalry between men and women. To diminish the rivalry, he would have parents rear boys like boys and girls like girls, because "treating the two sexes alike pits them against each other."

During an interview last week, Spock was reminded that Vice President Agnew has blamed him for the permissive attitudes that have encouraged the revolutionary tendencies of youth. "I was never permissive," Spock protested laughingly. "But I would be proud if I were responsible in a small way for youth's idealism and courage." In his new book, Spock displays a courage of his own—the courage to be conventional in an unconventional age.

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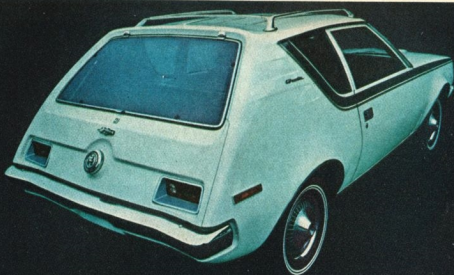
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MODERN LIVING

The Kosher of the Counterculture

TELL me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," said Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, the 18th century French gastronome. His aphorism is especially true today. The U.S., long the melting pot of a dozen national cuisines, shows signs of becoming stratified along culinary as well as philosophical and political lines. The blacks are proudly eating soul foods, the hardhats feast on as much red meat as they can afford, and the white-collar liberals seem to be keeping down their cholesterol

"When carrion is consumed, people are really greedy," states California's Wheeler. Others maintain that food is the determining factor in "the biological conditions in man that produce wars, brutality and narrow thinking."

There is also the influence of Eastern religions, which is to be found wherever the members of Woodstock Nation gather. Yoga disciplines, for instance, have always included "natural" foods while proscribing meats, and some of the new vegetarians share the Hindu regard for all living creatures. A meatless diet is also considered more conducive to meditation and higher awareness. A few neo-yogis find that even vegetables are too mundane and go on to become fruitarian. "Fruit is probably the most spiritual food there is," says Craig Bennett, 23, a Southern California follower of the Indian guru, Rhada Swami.

Going beyond yoga, many cultural revolutionaries are adopting—or at least sampling—an imported version of the dietary discipline of the Zen Buddhists.

world is divided, including food. Sugar and most fruits, for example, tend to be very yin, while meats and eggs tend to be very yang. The trick is to balance one's menus to maintain a 5-to-1 proportion of yin to yang. Since brown rice in itself contains this ratio, it is the principal food of the diet.

A Concession to Desire. Macrobiotics can be dangerous. The diet became notorious five years ago when a 24-year-old Greenwich Village housewife named Beth Ann Simon died after losing 50 lbs. Beth Ann had starved for nine months, rarely going off Macrobiotic Regimen No. 7 (only whole grain cereals), which is prescribed for special healing purposes and is intended to be followed for only about ten days at a time. Other fatal cases of malnutrition as well as scurvy have been traced to diet No. 7. Their yin-yang balance notwithstanding, brown rice and cereals alone are deficient not only in protein but in vitamins A and C.

Most macrobiotics, as Ohsawa's devotees call themselves, try to follow his other nine diets, which are graduated from six to minus three to include increasing amounts of fish and vegetables—organically grown—along with brown rice. In actual practice, a good many youthful macrobiotics also eat meat. Ex-



DRINKING FRUIT JUICE

with chicken and veal. The youth of Woodstock Nation? With almost religious zeal, they are becoming vegetarians. They are also in the vanguard of the flourishing organic-food movement, insisting on produce grown without chemical fertilizers or pesticides.

"Diet is very very central to the revolution," says Bill Wheeler, leader of a north California commune, referring primarily to a revolution in sensibility. But while the drugs, the clothes, the hair, the music and the language of the counterculture have become monotonously familiar, its diet has been relatively ignored. Counterculture food, while relatively bland, is nevertheless distinctive and pervasive. When Yale students played host to Black Panther supporters last spring, for example, they fed their thousands of visitors not hot dogs and Coke, but a special recipe of oats, dates, sunflower seeds, peanuts, prunes, raisins and cornflakes. Indeed, at Woodstock itself the free kitchens of the Hog Commune ladled out rice, carrots and raisins for all comers.

Fruitarianism and Macrobiotics. Why the new vegetarian trend? It is inexpensive, for one thing. Moreover, the eco-activists are concerned by the amount of DDT and other chemicals in meat. But there are more spiritual if not downright mystical reasons as well.



SHOPPING FOR HEALTH FOODS
Ready for the revolution.

That diet had been dubbed macrobiotic (from makros, meaning long, and bios, meaning life) by the late Japanese Author George Ohsawa, who wrote dozens of abstruse books on ancient Oriental diet and medicine and was the principal proselytizer for macrobiotics in Europe and the U.S.

In macrobiotics, calories don't count. Neither does scientific nutritional balance, a concept that in the Age of Aquarius seems to carry little weight. "The only nutritional rules we disregard are modern ones," airily explains Elaine Mensoff, 21, who cooks for a Boston macrobiotic commune. Instead, macrobiotics concerns itself with those ancient complementary and opposite forces yin and yang, into which everything in the



EATING ORGANIC BUN

Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

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"Dear Mr. Daugherty: I am writing this because I have a feeling you want to know good things about your people . . ." went a thoughtful letter received recently.

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Operating a fair-size motor truck fleet, we get many notes like this one, from a businessman in Ohio whose wife's car had a flat: "Your driver was extremely courteous and a perfect gentleman . . . changed the tire . . . and accepted only thanks. I hope the men representing our company on the highway emulate his example."

Or this one, from a big power tool customer: "A sign in front of your service branch reads 'We do care'. Take it from me, they mean every word of it . . . your company can be proud to have such representatives."

All the mail isn't always complimentary, of course — we make mistakes, too. But in these days when protest seems the norm, it's heartwarming to have busy people take the time to write in praise.

• • •

Sea story. A huge desalting plant at Key West, Florida is converting more than two million gallons of salty sea water into drinking water every day. At the end of the desalting process, a single meter is responsible for measuring the entire plant output before it goes to storage. Of course, the meter must operate dependably and accurately, or much of the "hard to come by" water could be lost and unaccounted-for. And that's the way our Rockwell Turbo-Meter has been doing the job day after day for the past two years.

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This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 28 basic markets.



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JULIAN WASSER



FRYING BROWN RICE
More yin than yang.

plains Michel Abhepera, author of the cookbook recommended by the *Whole Earth Catalog*: "Meat finds its way into the Zen macrobiotic diet quite simply as a concession to man's sensual desires."

Clue in the Candy. The farthest-out macrobiotic lore, which would come as a surprise to the Zen Buddhist monks themselves, is to be found in the culinary columns of underground newspapers, where readers are routinely warned against eating too much meat, dairy products or sugar. A columnist in the Los Angeles *Free Press*, for example, recently speculated that the University of Texas massacre a few years back was caused by too much yin—in this case sugar—in the killer's blood. The clue that supported his conclusion: chocolate candy was found in the pockets of the slain sniper.

Macrobiotics, like other panaceas, can be many things to many people. Some think that it confers superhuman strength. But many macrobiotics use the diet to become less aggressive and, above all, more spiritual. "It's not the food that is important so much. It is the understanding. Through your food you are trying to attain the order of the universe," says Jimmy Silver, a Hollywood macrobiotic enthusiast.

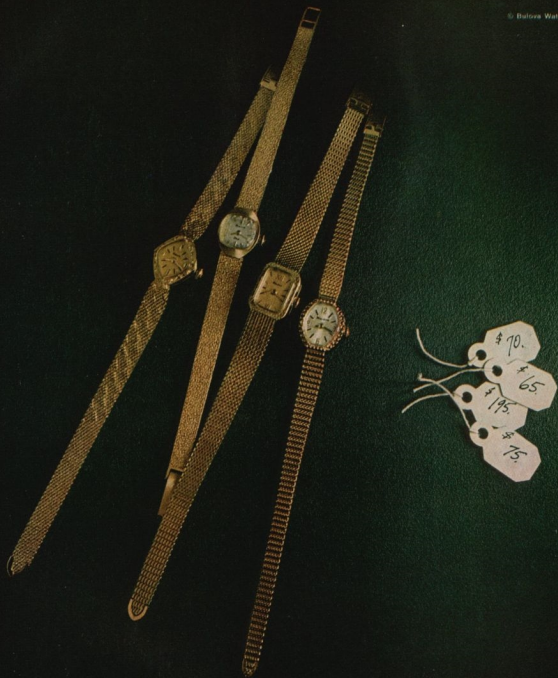
There are sexual ramifications as well. "If I eat yang I slip into my desire body," says Michael Bobier, owner of an organic restaurant and food shop in Marin County, Calif. "Yin food makes me more ethereal. Women often find what is soft and gentle in a man most appealing about him. It's much easier to be tender on a yin diet."

Organic Drugs. For many, yoga and macrobiotic diets have become a substitute for drugs. Says Ron Johnson, who runs the Clear Moment store in Bloomington, Ind.: "Now that drugs



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The Goddess of Time Collection by Bulova

have sort of fallen off, the new diets are the things. The kids think it increases their awareness." Says Hanna Kroeger of the New Health Foods store in Boulder, Colo.: "The young are beginning to realize that drugs aren't real. They thought it was a shortcut to the spiritual. But the 18- and 19-year-olds are turning back. They put themselves into preparing food now." Even some of those who have remained on drugs have been influenced by the organic-food fad. They make it a point to use only those drugs that grow naturally—like marijuana, mescaline or peyote—and avoid LSD, amphetamines and other manufactured products.

Anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss has shown that a society's cuisine is a language into which it unconsciously translates its structure. Thus frozen foods, packaged foods, TV dinners, fast-food franchises, preservatives and additives all stem from a culture that made pragmatism, step saving and time saving virtues in themselves. Because there are different values and plenty of free time in the new culture, gardening (organically), grinding wheat, baking bread, preparing yogurt and making a quiet ceremony of cooking and eating are all parts of the scene. Rabbi Arthur Green, member of an experimental community in Cambridge, Mass., has even suggested that "maybe in our day keeping kosher should mean eating natural foods and keeping away from cellophane and TV dinners."

Coming Full Circle. For the more earnest of the cultists, the kitchen has become a holy place, as it is to the Hindus and the Buddhists. Says Elaine Mensoff: "We do reverence to the food by keeping the kitchen orderly. I try to create my food as a propagation of life. It is a responsibility, because when I'm down and cook, the whole house is down." Elaine is aware of the irony of thus venerating woman's role in the kitchen in the age of feminine liberation. "We have come full circle and are doing the things our mothers did," she admits, "but our motivation is internalized."

Meanwhile, like other facets of the counterculture, the new diets are filtering into the suburbs via the teenagers. Rows of unfamiliar foodstuffs are appearing in middle-class cupboards: brown rice by the bucketful, as well as packages of aduki, granola, gomasio, ginseng and miso. Worried mothers are on the phone to each other whenever one of their children threatens to "go macrobiotic," for they have only the vaguest notion of what that means. Going organic poses another kind of problem, for that will mean that the Thanksgiving turkey must be imported from an organic farm for a dollar a pound. Even a formal wedding may nowadays be followed—to the dismay of hungry friends and relatives—with a feast of brown rice, nituke vegetables and Mu tea, ceremoniously prepared by the young bride herself.



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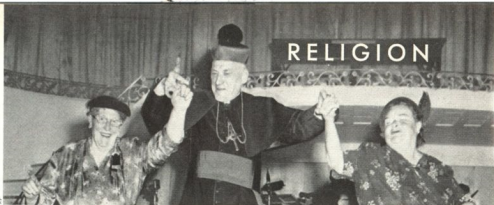
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RELIGION



CUSHING DANCING A JIG WITH THE LADIES

Big Man in a Long Red Robe

TO the many who knew him and the millions who watched him from afar, the life of Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing was a montage of endearing and memorable vignettes. In some of them he was the Populist Prince, handing out miniature liquor bottles at an old folks' home ("Holy water! That's what it is! But don't sprinkle it around. Pour it down!"). In others he was the Court Clown mugging shamelessly in a sailor's hat or a baseball cap. On a cold November day in 1963 he was the nation's own Job, his prayer cracking with grief as he called on the angels to carry his "dear Jack" to Paradise.

Behind the many roles was a man solid and roughhewn. The son of an Irish-born blacksmith, Cushing had a face like a Conemara bogman and a voice like coal rattling down a chute into a South Boston basement. He seemed not so much to live life as to wage it, suggesting that the years were too short for what he had to do. Only his huge energy obscured the truth about how long, and how seriously he had been ill. For years he fought off migraine headaches, ulcers, asthma and emphysema—the latter two so debilitating that he had to keep oxygen at his bedside. Cancer was also an old enemy and, as it turned out, the final one. When he died last week at 75, the disease had so ravaged Cushing's 6-ft. frame that he had wasted from a robust 200 lbs. to a mere 140 lbs.

One-Day Ransom. Less than two months ago, in a dramatic changing of the guard (TIME, Sept. 21), Cushing turned over his diocese to the Most Reverend Humberto S. Medeiros, an activist bishop who had previously headed the diocese of Brownsville, Texas. "The will to live will be gone," predicted an old friend. Said another: "He's not able to do anything else except be Archbishop of Boston."

Yet Cushing never sought the role that he retained for 26 years. From the beginning, he wanted to be a missionary. In 1962, he tried to resign in order to finish his career in the missions of Latin America. Instead, he remained a founder—and funder—of mission work, even establishing his own Society of St. James the Apostle for work in Latin America. His ability to raise money for the church at home and abroad was prodigious—a total of more than \$100 million in 26 years. Just before Christmas in 1961, he raised \$2,900,000 in cash in one day to ransom the Cuban prisoners captured in "dear Jack's" Bay of Pigs invasion.

Part of Cushing's ability to sell a cause was surely his own quiet example of personal austerity: he joked about his official residence being "the biggest joint on Commonwealth Avenue," but his personal life within it was simple and frugal. Once he amazed a visitor by proudly showing off a \$3 pair of black loafers he had picked up at Filene's basement. Part of his effectiveness, too, was Cushing's broad, transparent humanity, which seemed to embrace not only every faith but even, on occasion, rather conflicting ideologies. "He had a good word to say for everyone who came down the pike," explained an admirer in discussing Cushing's mixed bag of enthusiasms. He was an early, lifelong member of the N.A.A.C.P., and the first Catholic prelate to urge his flock to attend Billy Graham's crusades. He could also praise the anti-Communism of the John Birch Society and write a glowing foreword to a book by the director of the Moral Re-Armament movement.

God Knows. He had an invincible, perhaps sentimental belief that people could be wrong but not really bad, and that, in any event, it was not the place of one human to judge another. When some Catholic churchmen criticized Jacqueline Kennedy's marriage to the divorced Aristotle Onassis, it was Cushing who chided them. "Only God," he said, "knows who is a sinner and who is not."

Rightly but a shade too formally, some Bostonians called him "the Cardinal of Charity." That he was; and for it, both Catholics and non-Catholics in the U.S. honored Cushing with an affection exceeded only by their love for Pope John XXIII. The affection followed him everywhere, but nowhere did it surround him more warmly than on his visit to the annual Christmas party at St. Coletta's, an institution for "exceptional" children he founded in Hanover, Mass.

The cardinal never missed the party, even putting on his "red dress" for the occasion because the children liked it. One small boy at the school may have spoken for much of the world when a radio reporter asked him to describe Santa Claus. "He's big, and he wears a long red robe," said the child. "And," the boy continued, talking out of the side of his mouth in a raspy voice, "he talks like this."

Fittingly, Richard Cardinal Cushing was buried last Saturday in a simple crypt in the chapel at St. Coletta's, "facing the children," as he had wished.



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MEDICINE

Draft-Defying Doctors

More and more young Americans are being rejected for the draft on physical or mental grounds. From 29.9% two years ago, the turnout date jumped to 46% last July. Is the new generation declining in body and mind?

Hardly. The young have simply faced up to the cutoff in job and graduate-school deferments and instead have mastered the art of beating the draft with medical or psychiatric excuses. Moreover, they are getting crucial help from a growing number of psychiatrists and other physicians who write letters attesting to ailments that disqualify the registrants for military service.

Ethical Issue. A few of the letters are flagrantly fraudulent. One New York woman psychiatrist has written as many as 75 letters a week, charging up to \$250 each to certify men as emotionally unfit for military duties. Selective Service physicians now recognize and ignore her recommendations. Several authors of equally dubious letters have been reported to the U.S. Army Surgeon General, though it is questionable whether he has any authority to act against them. The Justice Department could prosecute such doctors for impeding the draft or making fraudulent statements to the Government, but proving the charges might be difficult. Local medical societies can also suspend an errant member, a crushing professional blow, but much the same effect can be achieved by his colleagues' consensus that he is unreliable. Writers of truly fake statements do get that treatment.

Actually, few doctors are willing to take such risks, and most of their letters are legitimate. They do not invent diseases but look extra hard for disabilities that disqualify their patients. This is not difficult, since the Selective Service rejects men with dental braces or any ailment that requires frequent treatment—for example, asthma, allergies, diabetes, hemorrhoids, high blood pressure. It wants no habitual drug users, extremely ugly men or those adorned with obscene tattoos.

Whatever the ethics of the matter, some antiwar doctors argue that tax lawyers perform a similar service by searching for legitimate if sometimes little-used exemptions. But many doctors are dismayed that the vast majority of medical deferments are going to affluent, educated whites. One reason: whites see doctors far more often and thus can document their diseases.

Beyond Letters. Many doctors are particularly distressed by the inability of the poor to obtain exemptions on psychiatric grounds. "Draft evasion is a middle-class activity," says Dr. Peter La Valle, a San Francisco psychiatrist. "Poor people aren't allowed to be officially neurotic in this country." To eliminate this inequity, many physicians have started organizations like the Medical Committee for Human Rights, which has chapters serving youths in 30 cities across the country. Says Dr. Eli Messinger, a Manhattan psychiatrist who chairs the committee: "We feel that draft physicals are too rapid, and that as a consequence many illnesses are not detected."

In fact, the Army inducts an em-

DENIS CARMON—LIFE



PREINDUCTION PHYSICAL

Searching for disqualifying disabilities.

barrasing number of soldiers who turn out to be physically or emotionally unfit and end up requiring extensive care or lifetime disability pensions. Army doctors who let such men through are required to explain their errors. To avoid such difficulties, and because the pool of qualified men has so far been adequate for the Army's needs, doctors give draftees with borderline conditions the benefit of the doubt. All this helps men armed with doctors' letters, which Army physicians have no time to verify and would just as soon accept.

Magic Age. Letters are not always necessary. Many healthy registrants have skipped a doctor's help and still faked their way to 4-F or 1-Y status.* Some have raised their blood pressure to an unacceptable level by popping amphetamines before reporting for medical examinations. Others have convinced physicians that they suffer from Ménière's syndrome, an inner ear disease that causes severe dizziness and nausea.

An ingenious youth aggravated a mild hernia by lifting 100-lb. sacks of sand prior to his exam. Doctors disagreed on the seriousness of his condition, but agreed that anyone so determined to avoid service would make a bad soldier and excused him for psychological reasons. Another failed color tests until he was awarded a 4-F classification, while a married registrant succeeded in convincing doctors that his wife would go crazy in his absence. The prize for determination goes to a six-footer who managed by careful dieting to keep his weight below the minimum for his full height until he reached the magic age of 26.

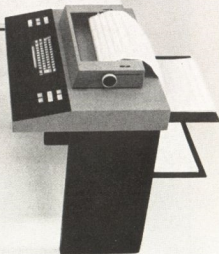
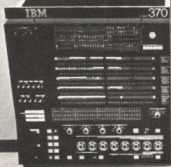
* 4-Fs are categorically exempted from military service; 1-Ys are exempted except during a declared war or national emergency.

Sexy in Surgery

TO relieve the sterile monotony of nurses' uniforms, Fashion Designer Pierre Cardin recently unveiled three new creations at a London showing. Two of his designs—nunlike wimples with white maxidresses—were harmless affairs that might make ward nurses look functional if not fashionable. But the third—a pastel green body stocking with a white miniskirt—was obviously designed only for the most nubile nurses, and brought howls of amused indignation from hospital personnel. "The patients will probably collapse at the sight of a big nurse going wobble, wobble down the wards in one of those," said Patricia Ward of the United Nurses Association. Nor is the new uniform likely to advance the cause of medical progress. Cardin's smashing stocking was intended for wear in the one place where distraction can be deadly—the operating room.



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TELEVISION

The Age of Reasoner

Choosing TV news anchor men by Nielsen ratings may seem like the next worst thing to letting Agnew do it. But last week ABC in fact picked its man through a survey, and the choice made excellent journalistic sense. The network hired away CBS's Harry Reasoner to replace Co-Anchorman Man Frank Reynolds.

Though deeper in correspondents and smarter in production during the last 18 months, the ABC evening news has never been able to command more than about 20% of the three-network audience. All that was missing, ABC News President Elmer Lower concluded, was what he called a "box office value" anchor man. A national survey commissioned from an audience-research firm showed that CBS's Walter Cronkite was America's favorite; No. 2 was not NBC's David Brinkley or Chet Huntley (he was still around then) or even Reynolds' fellow commentator, Howard K. Smith. It was the CBS back-up man, Reasoner.

ABC had never thought it had a chance of getting Harry until his agent called two weeks ago. Though he was Cronkite's No. 1 fill-in and was, at 47, seven years younger than Cronkite, Reasoner felt that he might have to wait for years to succeed Walter—and at that the succession was uncertain. Moreover, Reasoner was piqued at being relegated to radio for CBS's election-night coverage, and upset that CBS was offering to renew his expiring contract for another seven years without a raise above his estimated current annual \$150,000. ABC offered a five-year contract, at something close to \$1 million overall.

In his new job, which he takes over next month, Reasoner will be based in Manhattan, and Smith will continue in Washington. Judging from Reasoner's past form, he will be empathic, bemused and, in the nonpejorative sense of the term, Middle American. His style is a mellow mixture of an Iowa boyhood, a Stanford and University of Minnesota education, newspapering in Minneapolis, the World War II Army, a stint with the U.S.I.A., the demi-socialistic of CBS plus the vicissitudes of fathering seven children.

Even a whimsical and gentle man like Harry Reasoner does not kid himself that his tenure at ABC depends on anything but his future ratings. Frank Reynolds, who will become a "special correspondent," was ABC's ninth anchor man in eight years.

Kildare as Hamlet

In the early 1960s, when he was MGM Television's Dr. Kildare, Richard Chamberlain got more fan mail than just about anyone on the lot since Clark Gable played Rhett Butler. In 1966, when the TV series ended, Chamberlain decided to start his career all over again.

He went to England, let his perox-

ided hair grow brown and long. He took speech lessons, and, after a strong performance in a BBC drama, received an offer to play *Hamlet* with the excellent Birmingham Repertory Theater. Recalls Chamberlain: "I felt pride, amazement, disbelief, terror." He was the first American to dare *Hamlet* in Britain since John Barrymore, and, premiere night, a full cry of London critics rode to Birmingham for the kill—and for a shock. Wrote the *Times* critic the next morning: "Anyone who comes to this production prepared to scoff at the sight of a popular Amer-



CHAMBERLAIN

A cry of critics rode to the kill.

ican television actor playing *Hamlet* will be in for a deep disappointment."

That same gratifying surprise awaits NBC viewers next Tuesday when *Hallmark Hall of Fame* televises the Chamberlain *Hamlet*. It is an aristocratic, romantic (he admits) "not scholarly" conception of the role. His *Hamlet* is passionate sometimes to the point of hysteria and Chamberlain's accents (well east of mid-Atlantic) are tinged with tremolo. Sir Michael Redgrave, an esteemed former Old Vic *Hamlet* who plays Polonius in this TV production, says that, overall, "Richard is very good—more than just interesting." To fit the two-hour time slot, however, more massive surgery has been performed on the Folio than any that Kildare ever did.

Chamberlain was not to the Shakespearean canon born. He grew up in Beverly Hills and, out of "sheer uncooperativeness," did not learn to read until the fourth grade. He eventually managed a B.A. from Pomona College, and, after some acting lessons, landed an

MGM contract. The studio gave him the Kildare part after passing over 35 others (including Lew Ayres, who created the role in films). It did not, however, make an actor out of him, as Sir Cedric Hardwicke once told Chamberlain, "You're doing it all backwards. You're a star and you don't know how to act."

The change in direction was not easy. His Broadway bash, the musical version of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, closed before it opened. His films included one limited success as Julie Christie's sadistic husband in *Petulia*. The change of image and luck finally came with *Hamlet*. "I had been told that the English actors would eat me alive," he says, but he took strength from their patience and from the dictum of Margaret Leighton (his TV Gertrude) that rehearsals are the place to make a "bloody fool" of yourself. As he got deeper into the play, he discovered that "my own character was liberated. I was able to shout and cry—things I'd always been too self-conscious to do before."

At 35, Chamberlain still considers himself about ten years away "from really learning my trade." He has just finished two film parts, as Tchaikovsky in a romanticized biography and as Octavius in a remake of *Julius Caesar*. From his homes in London and Los Angeles (he is unmarried), Chamberlain is currently angling for stage work. If nothing else, he thinks he has at last kicked Kildare. "The umbilical cord that once bound us," he declares, "is cut."

Sesame Street Report Card

Sesame Street, public television's McLuhanesque children's hour, has been on the air one year. From the beginning, its aim was to sharpen kids' cognitive skills. The target age was from three to five, the ideal target group, the culturally deprived. Inundated by enthusiastic mail and ecstatic reviews, *Sesame Street* became an indisputable hit. But does a "switched-on" classroom educate or merely entertain? To measure the results of the series, the Children's Television Workshop commissioned a nationwide study by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J. The report card has just come in, and *Sesame Street* has earned straight A's.

ETS examined a group of 943 children, most from poor backgrounds, in five states. Those disadvantaged children who watched infrequently showed a general knowledge gain of 9%. Young viewers who saw two or three shows a week jumped to 15%. Four or five times a week meant a 19% increase and those who saw it more than five times weekly improved 24%.

The lower the age group, the better the show did, scoring its highest gains with three-year-olds. Says Joan Ganz Cooney, Workshop president: "We placed our bets and we won. I hope that the word keeps spreading to mothers in the inner city. The study has vindicated TV—it can teach, and teach well."

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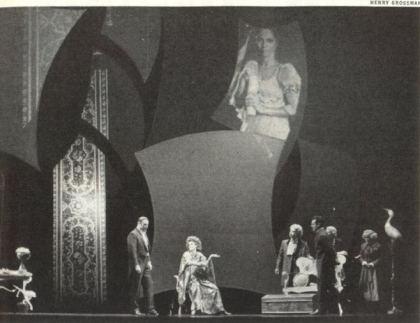
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MUSIC & DANCE



MULTI-MEDIA EFFECTS IN "THE MAKROPOULOS AFFAIR"
Also music with a cold, exciting glare.

Monster of Ice and Ennui

"Poor 300-year-old beauty! People took her for a thief, for a liar, for a heartless animal. They called her beast, slut, they wanted to strangle her. And her fault? That she was doomed to live too long a time. I was sorry for her."

—Leoš Janáček (1925)

Most operas concentrate on the obvious: love (usually thwarted), murder, political connivance. Not those by Czech Composer Janáček (TIME, Dec. 5, 1969), who had a taste for fantasy and the mysterious. Moreover, in *The Makropoulos Affair*, completed in 1925 three years before his death, the composer created an opera that offers no arias, no immediately whistleable tunes but is nonetheless marked by a considerable genius. Last week, when the New York City Opera produced it, a sellout audience responded with a twelve-minute ovation, a generous part of it in praise of the ingenuity used by Director Frank Corsaro and Mixed-Media Experts Gardner Compton and Emile Ardolino.

The real concern of *The Makropoulos Affair* is time. Adapted from a play by Czech Dramatist Karel Čapek, it deals with a 342-year-old woman who calls herself Emilia Marty. She has not aged much physically, but she has seen, heard and had just about everything and everybody. Longevity has drained away all feeling and left only a beautiful monster of ice and ennui. "There is no joy in goodness, no joy in evil," she says. "When you know that, your soul dies within you." Nevertheless, she is still

human enough to be terrified of death, and the opera observes her ruthlessly searching and seducing her way toward a document that holds the prescription for another 300 years of life. Finding it, she also finds the unexpected strength to refuse it and die nobly. Through Janáček's music, the bitch goddess becomes an archangel.

The opera is remarkably powerful. All melody pared to its bare essentials, Janáček's music illuminates Čapek's bizarre tale with a cold, exciting glare. Characters declaim in energetic syllables that leap from one end of their voices to the other, too tense to lapse into song. The orchestra vibrates with intense color and rhythm, microscopically reflective of each dramatic subtlety.

In Corsaro's production, slides and movie films projected upon shifting, oddly shaped screens clarify the former identities of the heroine. Thus handled, Janáček's propulsive overture is accompanied by a surrealistic visual nightmare of running figures, time travel, characters that melt from one person to another, and a Gestapo-like chauffeur who symbolizes death. During the opera's action, the films subside into ghostly suggestions of thoughts and memories, some of them unabashed recollections of the heroine's erotic past. When the secret-of-life document is burned, the entire stage ignites into a holocaust of blazing paper, billowing fog and dissolving people.

Janáček's work depends upon a great singing actress for its ultimate effect. Emilia Marty should be beautiful, venomous, sinister and finally tragic. Her

music is strident and etched in acid but when Marty accepts death, it soars toward the sublime. California-born Soprano Maralin Niska, singing her twelfth role with the New York City Opera, was almost up to her demanding role. Niska's voice is bright and well cultivated rather than monumental, but at her best she left no doubt what Janáček had in mind. She is a superb actress who lacks only a measure of grandeur to suggest a woman doddering under the weight of three centuries of *Weltschmerz*. But then, by the opera's standards, she is still three centuries or so too young for the part.

■ Robert T. Jones

Verve, Nerve and Fervor

Up from the orchestra floats a vaguely medieval sound: thick, sonorous and brassy. The dancers parade in solemn sequence across the softly lit stage, looking rather like harlequins in leotards. When they reach the footlights, the mood is suddenly jolted by a more familiar noise: the harsh twang of amplified guitars and the racking thump of a rock beat. What follows this seemingly incongruous prelude is a swirling, eye- and ear-catching panoply of ballet maneuvers, from chastely classic lifts to Broadway shuffles, set to an eclectic score (by Alan Raph and Lee Holdridge) that blends the modish and the modal. The climax is a joyous, foot-stamping, yet thoroughly unblaspheous rock version of the *Ite, missa est* chant that ends the Latin Mass. At the diminishing finale, the dancers lay rows of votive lights across the stage and drift silently, monkishly, into the wings.

Plotless and perhaps even pointless,

HENRY GROSSMAN



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The ridiculous reason? She naturally could not pass the standard physical examination. (There was some nonsense about fire drills. Actually, Judy can move faster in her electric wheel-chair than most people can walk and all she'd have to do is teach on the ground floor.)

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A bed-ridden man in New England who was refused an absentee ballot in a federal election.

A blind man in the Middle West who was denied a teacher's license.



Dozens of people all over the country who have reported that taxi rates in major cities are ten times as high for the physically handicapped.

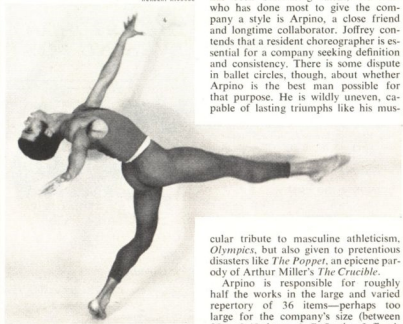
If you know of any cases like these, now you know what to do. We will be glad to put you in touch with The James Madison Constitutional Law Institute. (Write to Chairman, Leber Katz Partners, 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)

**There is a way to
"go fight City Hall."
It's in the court house
across the street.**

Gerald Arpino's *Trinity* nonetheless represents a throbbing fusion of classic dance with the sound of now. It perfectly epitomizes the jaunty style and passionate, youthful temperament of the New York City Center's Joffrey Ballet.

Improvised Air. Young in the age of its dancers (the average is 22) as well as its history, the Joffrey (founded in 1956) has always had a nervous, half-improvised air about it, which may reflect the fact that it has no superstars and has been plagued by a distressingly high turnover in personnel. Last month, midway through its fall season at Manhattan's glum, ungraceful City Center, the company abruptly dismissed its fiery Spanish lead dancer, Luis Fuente; after several months of differences, Fuente irked management by suddenly and ar-

HERBERT MIDDLE



THE JOFFEY'S CHRISTIAN HOLDER
Towering physique, terrorizing presence.

bitrarily departing from the choreography in a meticulous Joffrey revival of Leonide Massine's classic, *The Three-Cornered Hat*.

The company is kept alive and kicking largely because of the talent-spotting skills of its founding artistic director, Seattle-born Robert Joffrey, 39. Widely regarded as one of the best teachers and coaches in the U.S., Joffrey has a knack for signing up promising unknowns and guiding them to maturity. This season a whole platoon of new young dancers has been turning in pleasurable kinetic and graceful performances. Erika Goodman and Chartel Arthur, both 22, have developed into perky, quicksilver ballerinas with a feathery, light-operative flair. Alone or with partners, Edward Verso, 28, is a willowy athlete who displays a sure gift for comic characterization and shares many of the company's tougher dra-

matic roles with a small 20-year-old human dynamo who leaps under the name of Gary Chryst.

In many ways, though, the most impressive of Joffrey's discoveries is huge (6 ft. 4 in.) Trinidad-born Christian Holder, 21. Blessed with a lean, rubbery face and with limbs of astonishing flexibility, Holder has a good actor's ability to turn his towering physique to dramatic effect. As the puppet villain in *Petrushka*, he presents the quaint spectacle of a black performing in black-face and shows a notable gift for deadpan comedy. His terrorizing, primitive presence as Death in Kurt Jooss's antiwar tract, *The Green Table*, dominates the stage and sends chills through even a sophisticated dance audience.

Triumphs and Disasters. While Joffrey has been cultivating talent, the man who has done most to give the company a style is Arpino, a close friend and longtime collaborator. Joffrey contends that a resident choreographer is essential for a company seeking definition and consistency. There is some dispute in ballet circles, though, about whether Arpino is the best man possible for that purpose. He is wildly uneven, capable of lasting triumphs like his mus-

cular tribute to masculine athleticism, *Olympics*, but also given to pretentious disasters like *The Poppet*, an epicene parody of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*.

Arpino is responsible for roughly half the works in the large and varied repertory of 36 items—perhaps too large for the company's size (between 38 and 40 dancers). Reflecting Joffrey's scholarly catholic taste, pieces by other choreographers range from delicate snippets of 19th century Danish court-style ballet (Bournonville's *William Tell Variations*) to an intelligently danced but dramatically muzzy re-creation of *Petrushka*, to the somber, erotic psychodrama of Todd Bolender's *The Still Point* (new with the company this season).

Joffrey possesses a shrewd, show-bizzy instinct, not merely for what his dancers can manage but for what his audiences will swallow. So far he has avoided full-length ballets in the Russian tradition on the grounds that a *Swan Lake* or a *Giselle* would expose more of the company's faults than its virtues. Nonetheless, the question remains as to how long this promising fancy-free troupe can survive on nerve, verve and youthful fervor. When will it undertake major pieces that demand dramatic development rather than mere disciplined dazzle?

■ John T. Elson

This message was prepared
by the staff of
Leber Katz Partners
who are grateful that they
did not need anybody to
"fight City Hall" for their
rights and that
**The James Madison
Constitutional Law
Institute**
is ready to do so for others.

THE PRESS

The Jones Project

As a journalistic coup, it would be hard to beat the publication of Nikita Khrushchev's reminiscences. Last week *LIFE* announced that it had accomplished such a coup. Beginning with its issue of Nov. 23, the magazine will serialize *Khrushchev Remembers* in four successive installments. The articles will be accompanied by previously unpublished pictures; the entire undertaking was carried out in deep secrecy, and was given the code name "The Jones Project." On Dec. 21, Little, Brown (owned by Time Inc.) will publish the 275,000-word book. *LIFE* and Little, Brown announced that they "are convinced beyond any doubt, and have taken pains to confirm, that this is an authentic record of Nikita Khrushchev's words."

In his introduction, Edward Crankshaw, noted British Kremlinologist and a Khrushchev biographer, characterized the volume: "Here was Khrushchev, quite unmistakably speaking, a voice from limbo, and a very lively voice at that. . . . An extraordinary, a unique personal history." As for the former Soviet Premier himself, he was reported last week to be at his villa, 25 miles from Moscow, bedridden with "cardiac insufficiency."

Born into the Past

Come June 1, 1971, that familiar friend, *The Saturday Evening Post*, will be back on the newsstands. Or so says Beurt SerVaas, an Indiana publisher who has bought up most of the stock of the old Curtis Publishing Co. The new magazine will even look like the old *Post*, carrying the original logo. And just as before, it will be published in Philadelphia's Independence Square.

SerVaas, now president of Curtis, points out that the *Post* still gets so much mail that three employees are needed to take care of it; he believes that it "never really died in the minds of the public." The new-old *Post*, he says, "will be a patriotic magazine, as I consider Benjamin Franklin" to have been a patriot. We will advocate change by evolution."

SerVaas adds: "The *Post* will represent Middle America, but not in the Agnew sense. It will be neither sophisticated nor blasé." In other words, it will be what the *Post* is best remembered for, as Norman Rockwell put it, "kindness, sympathy, nostalgia and optimism." Rockwell, 76, has been enlisted to do the first cover of the revived *Post*. What the subject will be is still undecided.

Age of Specialization. The *Post* will be quarterly, and Curtis will publish 500,000 copies, to be sold only at newsstands. Then, if all goes well, it will go bi-monthly, then monthly. The estimated cost per run is "several hundred thou-

sand dollars." It will sell for "not less than a dollar, and probably not too much more." SerVaas figures that the price will cover production costs; advertising revenue will be gravy.

The editor is still to be chosen, but of those being considered, none was connected with the old *Post*. Many of the contributors will be former *Post* writers, but according to SerVaas, articles will also be written by college students "and perhaps some drop-outs." Reaction to the *Post*'s rebirth has been mixed. The managing editor of the *Post* from 1965 until its demise, Otto Friedrich, declared: "A quarterly dedicated to the past with covers by Norman Rockwell doesn't seem very promising." Pete Mar-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded in 1897 by Benj. Franklin



THE EMPIRE BUILDERS—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

"POST" COVER BY ROCKWELL
"It never really died."

tin, one of the old *Post*'s most popular mainstays, took another tack. "In an age of specialization, I see a place for the *Post*—as a specialized magazine appealing to people between 40 and 70."

Expelling the Exposer

There is a backlash built into every exposé, witness the case of Don Luce, 36, a U.S. correspondent in Viet Nam. Last spring Luce (no kin to TIME's founder) discovered political prisoners of the Vietnamese government locked into underground "tiger cages" that were being maintained by American dollars supporting the Vietnamese penal system. Luce told visiting Democratic Congressman William R. Anderson and Augustus F. Hawkins, then escorted them on a tour of the cages, during which Congressional Aide Tom Harkin snapped a number of damning pictures. The Congressmen broke the story, and Luce supplied material for a pictorial essay in *LIFE*, creating considerable embarrassment for the Vietnamese government and the U.S. embassy in Saigon. He also wrote pieces

for the Manchester *Guardian* and some Vietnamese papers.

The director of the Vietnamese press center, Nguyen Ngoc Huyen, has now told Luce that his press card will not be renewed. Huyen admitted to other correspondents that the reason was the tiger-cage story. The pro-government Saigon *Post*, an English-language newspaper, cheered: "The mills of the gods have finally caught up with Don Luce. This man was more dangerous to Viet Nam than a Stokely Carmichael. So we must kick him out, and any others like him."

Don Luce is to the South Vietnamese government what Ralph Nader is to General Motors. An agricultural specialist who went to Viet Nam in 1958 for International Voluntary Services, Luce speaks Vietnamese fluently, knows the culture and people better than virtually any correspondent or U.S. Government employee. That may be the problem. Luce feels he witnessed wholesale indifference to the fate of the Vietnamese people. When his Vietnamese workers on one agricultural program were deprived of six months' pay by a Vietnamese provincial administrator, he was told by U.S. and Vietnamese officials it was none of his affair. When an entire island was defoliated by U.S. planes, Luce asked \$10,000 restitution for lost crops. A U.S. official told him: "The whole damn country is not worth \$10,000." He switched to journalism in 1967, and ever since, his strongly anti-war attitude has led him to concentrate on revealing the damage of the Viet Nam War to the ordinary citizens. Popular with the Vietnamese he lived and worked with, Luce now finds that many of his old friends have stopped visiting him for fear they will be followed.

In the past, American journalists have usually been saved from losing their press cards by zero-hour rescues from the American embassy. So far, no such aid has been offered to Luce.

Print, and Be Seized

Underground newspapers are notoriously under-read, under-circulated and over-persecuted. But the case of *La Cause du Peuple*, the organ of France's outlawed Maoist proletarian movement, is extreme. It is not printed to be read, but to be seized by the authorities.

Since it began two years ago, the bi-monthly paper has had three editors. The first two are in jail for inciting political disorder. Their conviction last May touched off clashes reminiscent of the 1968 student uprisings in Paris. The third editor is Jean-Paul Sartre, 65.

The father of existentialism and refugee of the Nobel Prize explains that he did not accept the editorship so much "to defend *La Cause du Peuple* as to defend the liberty of the press." He does not align himself with the rabid left-wing advice blazed in *La Cause*'s headlines to "Enlist everybody in the Guerrillas." Yet the paper does report with surprising accuracy riots, dem-

* Who founded the *Post*, sort of.



The computer camera

It handles the calculating and leaves the creativity to you. Whether it's a record of a once-in-a-lifetime event or grab and shoot pictures of your kids growing up, this computer camera assures you professional pictures without fuss or bother.

Much of the Spotmatic's success—and it is the world's best-selling fine camera—is due to its uncannily precise through-the-lens exposure control.

Coolly functional as a computer, it assures you properly exposed pictures under just about any lighting condition. Instead of fiddling with dials, you're free to concentrate on composition. And that's what great pictures are all about.

Get the feel of a Pentax.

Visit your Honeywell photo dealer and tell him you want to look at a Pentax. Check its size and weight—smallest and

lightest 35mm SLR in the world! So well designed, it feels as if it were an extension of your hands. Focus. See how easily you can control the diaphragm ring, center the exposure needle without removing your eye from the viewfinder. Cock it. Snap it. Listen to the shutter. Compare the sound to other fine cameras—the professionals instinctively judge cameras this way.

Pentax isn't just a fine camera—it's a system of fine photography.

Since the Spotmatic was introduced, there have been 140 product improvements. (All inside—we haven't touched its classic design.) And we're still adding fine accessories that help you keep growing photographically. We now have 27 superb matched Takumar lenses.

Stop in at your Honeywell photo dealer and get the feel of the computer camera. You can

own one for less than \$160 on up to \$299 depending on the model selected.

Or write for free literature first.

Honeywell Photographic
P.O. Box 22083 103-676
Denver, CO. 80222
Please send literature on the
Honeywell Pentax*

Name

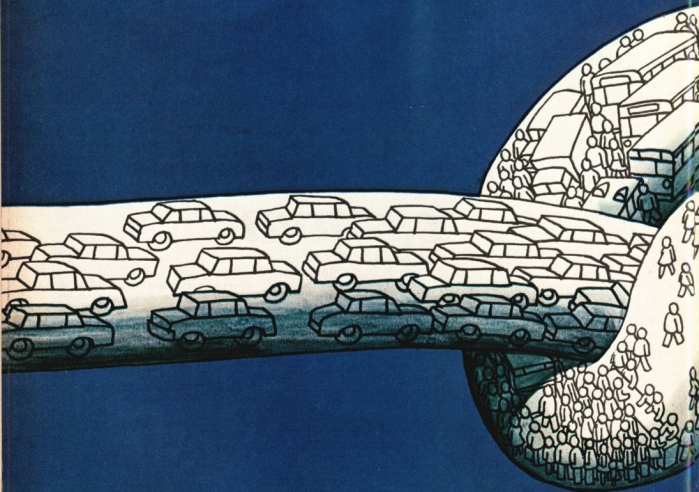
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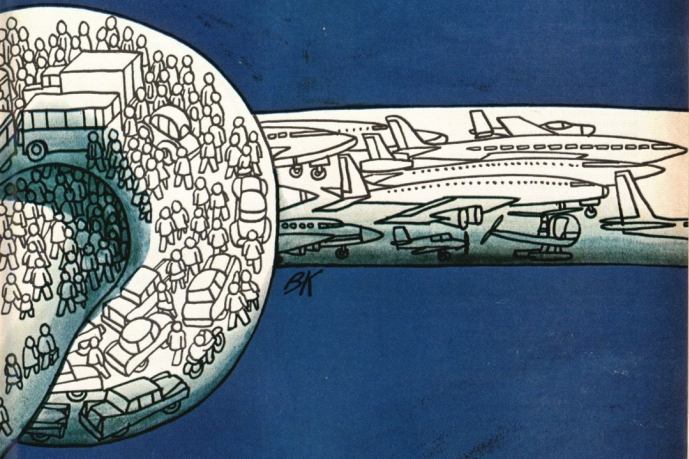
City

State/Zip

*Honeywell Pentax in the U.S. and Mexico; Asahi Pentax elsewhere. In Canada: McQueen Sales Ltd., a Honeywell subsidiary.

Honeywell





Transportation.

The high speed snarl from door to door.

The problem is to get more and more people (and more and more things) from one place to another without tying one final and uncloggable traffic knot.

There are a number of ways to ease the strain. To see some of them, please turn the page.

KAISER
ALUMINUM & CHEMICAL CORPORATION



So far, no technologically advanced society has come up with an efficient, fully functioning transportation system. Bits and pieces operate effectively here and there, but over-all, the "system" breaks down at transfer points and at the nodes of transportation networks.

There is, as yet, no true "science" of transportation on which an interlocking pattern of sub-systems could be based.

The ingredients for such a science may already exist in communications theory, general systems analysis, and in the behavioral sciences (since the movement of people is at least as much a psychological phenomenon as it is a physical one). Neither the laboratory facilities for studying transportation nor the interdisciplinary effort to translate experimental evidence exist in any large scale at the present time.

Population pressure, rising vehicle registration and urbanization may well force the establishment of experimental transportation laboratories and drastic changes in the way that goods and people are moved in the next decade.

Some of the changes we might reasonably expect in the field of mobility in the near future will be explored in depth in the fifth of a series of issues of our company magazine this year under the general title, "The Markets of Change."

The new series is designed as a companion piece to a previous book we published, "The Dynamics of Change." (For information about the bound volume of "The Dynamics of Change," please write Prentice-Hall, Dept. D, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.)

To reserve a free copy of the issue, "The Markets of Change—Transportation," or for information about any of the products shown here, please write Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Dept. F-14, Room 864, Kaiser Center, Oakland, California 94604.

KAISER
ALUMINUM & CHEMICAL CORPORATION

Serving "The Markets of Change" Worldwide. Aluminum, Chemicals, Computing, Specialty Metals, Mining and Exploration, Nickel, Real Estate, Refractories, International Trading.

FIVE WAYS TO EASE THE STRAIN

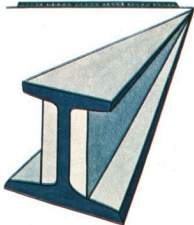
Routes being taken in the transportation market, showing how Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation is serving the markets of change.

1. New giant jets are airborne by wings made with machined aluminum plate sections up to 108 feet long. For inner-wing construction, our heavy-press aluminum stepped extrusions provide a vastly improved method for connecting main wings to fuselage. And our high-strength precision aluminum forgings and rivets further enhance the integrity of total-wing construction.



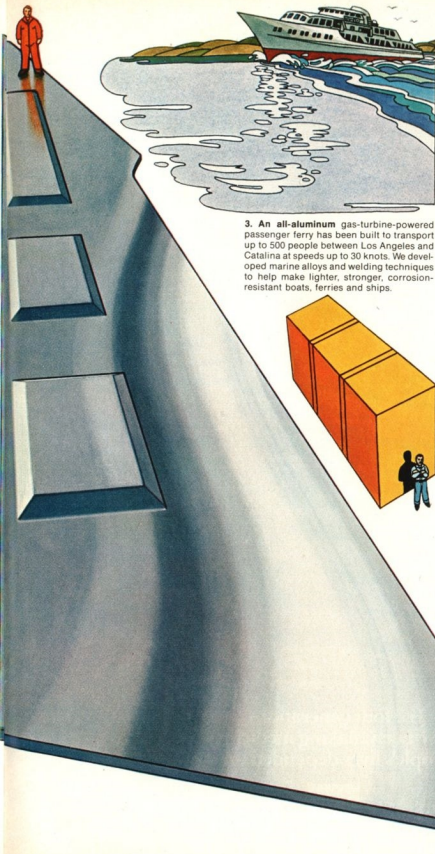
We designed the industry's first continuous heat-treating furnace process line to produce the aluminum skin-quality sheets used for fuselage, nose and tail sections. Specifications can be so controlled that these same types of sheets are used for helicopter-blade skin surfaces.

We also developed a new, improved forging alloy—7049—for such uses as the high-strength aluminum forging components required on the landing gear sections.

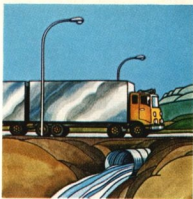
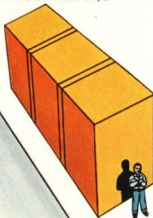


2. Rapid transit for the San Francisco Bay Area will save \$2 million even before trains start—with a new electrical "third rail" designed and produced by Kaiser Aluminum. It's formed by sandwiching aluminum onto steel. Result: excellent conductivity and surface durability. It's lighter and easier to install. And comes in longer lengths, saving 47 joints per mile.

In Chicago, forged aluminum wheels, designed by Kaiser Aluminum, save 800 pounds per car on new rapid transit trains.



3. An all-aluminum gas-turbine-powered passenger ferry has been built to transport up to 500 people between Los Angeles and Catalina at speeds up to 30 knots. We developed marine alloys and welding techniques to help make lighter, stronger, corrosion-resistant boats, ferries and ships.



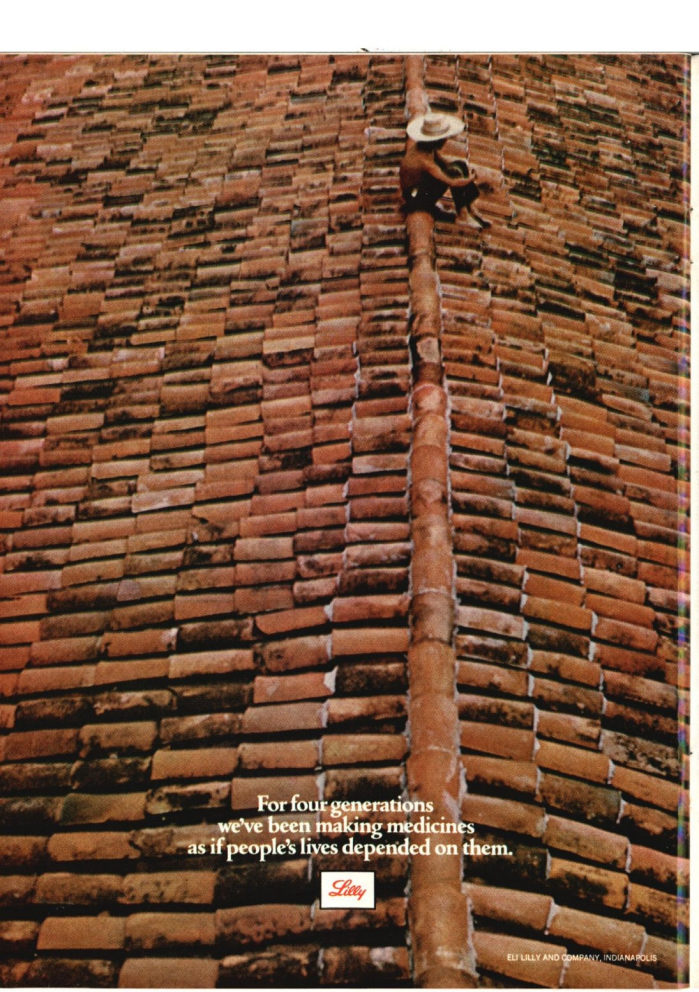
4. Highway traffic is helped along by many aluminum products that reduce construction and maintenance costs.

Corrosion-resistant culvert pipe pioneered by Kaiser is more than strong enough to bear required loads. Yet two men can easily carry a giant 20-foot section two feet in diameter.

We recently introduced the strongest lighting standard made of aluminum—of "marine alloy" 5086-H35. It provides greater safety. And eliminates pole-painting.

5. Van-sized aluminum containers and trailers are today's fastest-growing carriers of freight. Truck-to-rail. Rail-to-ship. Ship-to-rail. Rail-to-truck. Whichever way is best. More than 106,000 are being built this year. By 1977, more than 158,000 new ones per year will provide weight and maintenance savings resulting in lower consumer costs of goods carried.

KAISER
ALUMINUM & CHEMICAL CORPORATION

A high-angle, close-up photograph of a person wearing a wide-brimmed hat and dark clothing, walking along the central ridge of a steeply pitched roof. The roof is covered in reddish-brown tiles, and the perspective creates a strong sense of depth and scale, with the tiles receding into the distance on both sides of the central path.

For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.



ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

onstrations and strikes. By becoming editor, he hoped to defend freedom of expression by following in his predecessors' footsteps and getting arrested. Indignant that the French government refuses to seize him, Sartre says: "If the government would prosecute me, it would not be able to prevent my trial from becoming a political one."

Cause Célèbre. The result is a grotesque charade. For the past six months, gendarmes have stormed a Montmartre printing plant once each fortnight. There they seize and confiscate every issue of *La Cause* they can find. But the sly old iconoclast long ago found a secret printing press to publish about 5,000 copies. On publication day, Sartre and a few friends (including Film Directors Jean-Luc Godard and Louis Malle, and his longtime companion, Simone de Beauvoir) pick up the papers, transport them to a side street near St.-Germain-des-Prés, and begin to peddle them. Then



EDITOR SARTRE WITH "LA CAUSE"
Diatribes about rape.

the police arrest everyone giving away, selling or reading the paper. Everyone, that is, except prominent people and, of course, Sartre and De Beauvoir, who stay on to deliver diatribes about the rape of press freedom.

The government's decision not to arrest him galls Sartre. "I am not convicted, nor am I interrogated," he says. "But the printer of the paper is apprehended." It was De Gaulle who once expressed the absurdity of arresting Sartre for his writings and actions. "One doesn't arrest Voltaire."

Last week Sartre took a new tack. Instead of bringing out *La Cause* on its usual Monday, he published the paper on Friday, and kept carefully out of sight. Instead, representatives of well-known left-wing Paris papers, publishers and owners of leading bookshops went to the printing plant and picked up *La Cause*. For once, the paper went on sale without being seized.

Now possible to get U.S. Government list of "tar" content of cigarettes, free.

Send for your copy, courtesy of

Carlton, lowest in "tar" of all

regular filter kings tested.

Only 4.2 mg...less "tar"
than 99.9% of all cigarettes sold.

If you're interested in a cigarette that has low "tar," you've probably seen the "tar" numbers appearing in cigarette advertisements these days.

One brand says: "15 mg of 'tar.'"

Another says: "14 mg."

Another says: "12.6."

Latest U.S. Government figures show Carlton is lowest of all regular filter kings tested, with only 4.2 mg of "tar."

In fact, the U.S. Government figures show that Carlton has less "tar" than 99.9% of all cigarettes sold.

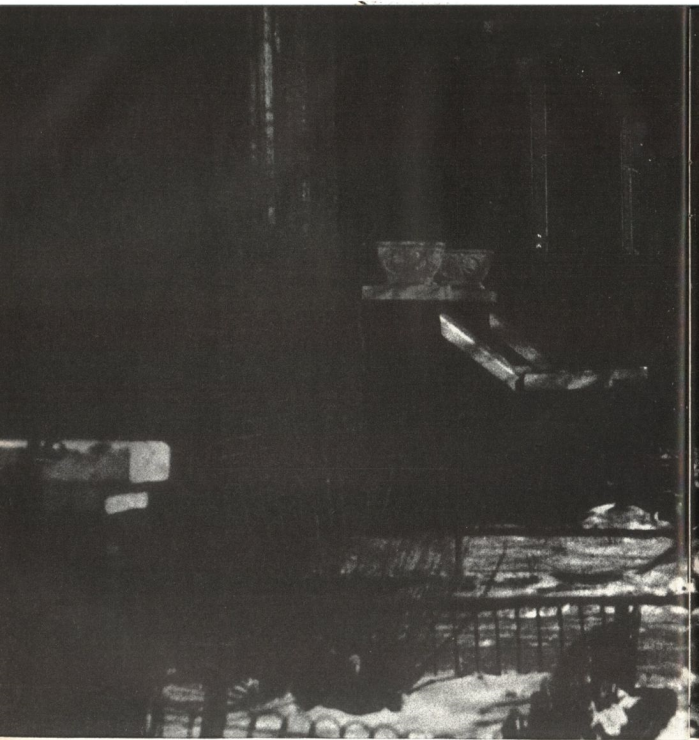
If you would like the U.S. Government list of "tar" figures, we'll be glad to mail you a copy. Just send your name and address to:

American Tobacco Company,
Box #5914 Grand Central Station,
New York, N.Y. 10017.

Remember the name. Because you will never forget the taste.



DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 90 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



Some politicians should be asked

And we don't mean with a brass band and a 50-man police escort, either.

We mean alone. Preferably after midnight. When the streets are deserted and every shadow seems alive and even a passing garbage truck is a welcome sight.

Because maybe then more of our public officials would find out how the public feels about poor street lighting.

And maybe then they'd do something about it.

But understand, we're not suggesting that all politicians

should be asked to take a walk down a dark street. Judging from statistics, a lot of them don't need to.

In Gary, Indiana, for example, city officials installed more than 5,000 bright, new lights over a two-year period. And do you know what happened? 70% fewer criminal assault incidents were reported during that period.*

Town leaders in Wichita, Kansas, installed new lights, too. There, auto accidents declined 34%.

And the results are similar in dozens of cities and towns

*Source: The Library of Congress Reference Service.



to walk down a street like this one.

across the country. Wherever good lighting goes up, crime and accidents go down.

Where do we, General Telephone & Electronics, fit into this crusade for brighter streets?

We own Sylvania, a company that, among other things, produces modern mercury and Metalarc street lamps.

Naturally, we wouldn't mind seeing our name up in street-lights everywhere.

But before being businessmen, we're citizens. And hus-

bands. And fathers. So we'd welcome any improvement in street lighting.

Even if it came from our competition.

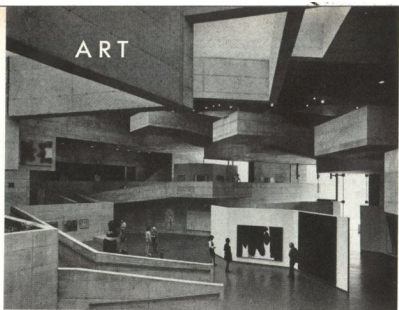
The important thing now is to make our streets and highways bright and safe.

The credit for doing it can be worked out later.

General Telephone & Electronics

730 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017

ART



BERKELEY'S UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM
Promontories, and calculated cul-de-sacs.

Provocative Museum

Perched on a sloping site across from the main campus, it looks like a giant poker-hand of five concrete slabs, fanning down the hill. After six years of planning and construction, the University of California at Berkeley last week proudly opened its new \$4.8 million University Art Museum with all the ritual speeches, plus an exhibition drawn mostly from California collections and modestly entitled "Excellence."

The result is a building of genuine architectural distinction that also poses some provocative suggestions for the shape of museums in the future. Its designers are three San Francisco architects, Mario Ciampi, 63, Richard Jorasch, 34, and Ronald Wagner, 31. Says Ciampi: "We are people willing to trust our irrational side. There was a lot of trusting of instincts in this building." There was also a bow in the direction of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum. As in the Guggenheim, visitors move from level to level in a flow of curving space. But the tyranny Wright imposed with his irresistible, continuous spiral has been avoided at Berkeley.

One enters on a middle level and is given choices: up one floor to the permanent display of 45 paintings by Hans Hofmann—a bequest to the museum from his estate—or down to the free exhibition space on areas below. The floors are broken but connected by ramps, so that viewers move slowly downward through a constantly shifting interior, accented by promontories of raw concrete that jut over the halls like ships' prows. Says Director Peter Selz: "You devise ways and means of installing an exhibit to detain people, to keep them from moving on. Here we made cul-de-sacs and all kinds of things to keep people in front of a painting." Selz, 51, who

quit his post as a curator of the Museum of Modern Art in 1965 to go to Berkeley, is delighted with the building. "I was so tired of boxlike spaces," he explains. "Many architects want to create a neutral space and have it evenly illuminated, but I say neutrality can be as boring for a painting as it is for a person."

Perilous Equilibrium

At 39, Bridget Riley has had more than her share of misunderstanding. Few painters have been so ruthlessly plagiarized by commerce. As soon as her tightly organized, black-and-white abstractions began to wrench and prick the eyes of an international public in the mid-'60s, a horde of fabric designers and window dressers moved in. Riley, along with other painters like Vasarely and Soto, became synonymous with Op art; and Op itself became, in the hands of its exploiters, a chic gimmick that could market anything from underwear to wallpaper. By the summer of 1965, it seemed that every boutique in the West had its own coarse versions of Bridget Riley's optical dazzle.

The fad set up a backlash among serious critics: Were her paintings any more than a game with the retina? Indeed, they were; and the proof is a full-scale retrospective, opening this week at the Kunstverein in Hannover, Germany.

Painter Riley's development spans a ten-year arc from the aggressiveness of her early black-and-white images to the imperiled quiet of such new stripe paintings as *Apprehend*, 1970. First reactions to her work may run from puzzlement to nausea. But Riley has always denied she means to hurt the eyes, aiming only for "a stimulating, an active, a vibrating pleasure." But not relaxation—the pleasure is existential, a tuning of the consciousness. In a picture like *Cataract III*, the eye has no resting

place. The viewer scans the inexorably waving lines with something akin to mounting panic, until the heaving surface can no longer be experienced as a flat plane. All that contradicts the eye's movement, and stabilizes it, is a swell of color intensity—turquoise and red coming out of gray and fading back again. The effect of such images is more akin to revelation than illusion, for it seems barely credible that so much energy could be contained in one pattern.

Cold Shower. Bridget Riley's paintings are nearly always made of such a formal unit—dot or stripe or ellipse—repeated and multiplied with tiny changes of position, tone or color. Through repetition, the force builds up. Then it peaks, like a laser emitting its stored energy in one flash. The serial changes (which may be no more than the slow rotation of a geometric "blip" of paint, happening a thousand times on one canvas) subvert, and at last explode, what would otherwise be a rigid order. "Everybody lives through states of disintegration but then finds something stronger that can't be disintegrated," she says. "The word 'paradox' has always had a kind of magic for me, and I think my pictures have a paradoxical quality, a paradox of chaos and order in one."

Her search for what cannot be disintegrated is intense, forcing the viewer to re-examine that perilous equilibrium we like to call normality. "We have to submit to the attack in the way we have to learn to enjoy a cold shower-bath," wrote Bridget Riley's admirer and mentor, the perceptual psychologist Anton Ehrenzweig. "There comes a voluptuous moment when the senses and the whole skin tingle with a sharpened awareness of the body and the world around."

■ Robert Hughes

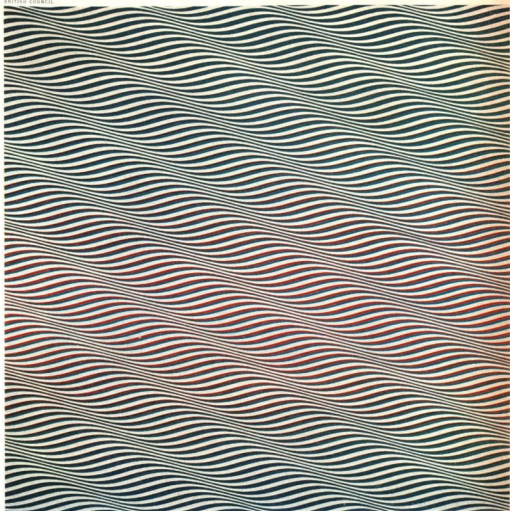
EDWARD LUCIE SMITH



BRIDGET RILEY

Nearer revelation than illusion.

BRITISH COUNCIL



CATARACT III (1967)

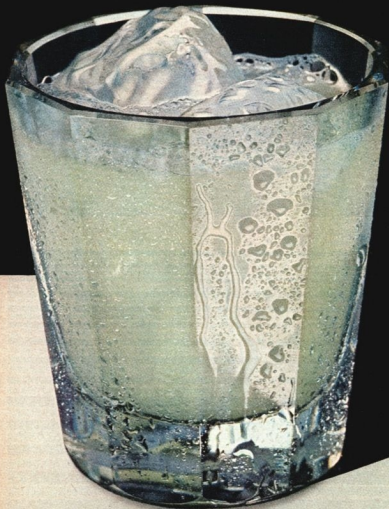
FORAN GALLERY, LONDON



APPREHEND (1970)

PRINT 2 (1968)

HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.



The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And, because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant teaspoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice. Or serve on the rocks with a little extra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

MILESTONES

Born. To Yakubu Gowon, 36, Nigerian chief of state; and Victoria Gowon, 24; their second child, first daughter; in Lagos.

Morried. Leila Khaled, 24, nervy Palestinian commando and a central figure in the multiplane hijacking last September; and a guerrilla identified only as Bassem; in Amman, Jordan.

Died. Peter II, 47, last King of Yugoslavia; of pneumonia; in Los Angeles. Peter was eleven years old in 1934 when his father was assassinated; seven years later he took full control of the government from a council of regents and led a brief campaign against Axis invaders before fleeing to Britain. Formally deposed by the Tito government in 1945, the ex-monarch, who had left all his riches at home, worked as a public relations man in New York City in the early '50s, more recently as a savings and loan executive in California.

Died. Fernand Gravey, 64, Belgian actor whose bilingual charm won him acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic; of a heart attack; in Paris. His Hollywood successes include *The Great Waltz* and *The King and the Chorus Girl*. After serving with the French Resistance during the war, for which he was awarded the Croix de Guerre in 1950, Gravey

returned to the French stage and screen (*Harvey*, *La Ronde*) and finally brought his flashing smile and Gable mustache to Broadway as the star of *Beekman* Place in 1964.

Died. Agustín Lara, 70, Mexico's foremost composer and lyricist; of heart and lung disease; in Mexico City. Because he could not write music, someone would stand by the piano as he played and jot down the scores of his tunes, including *You Belong to My Heart*, *Granada* and *Madrid*.

Died. Charlie Root, 71, Chicago Cubs pitcher remembered as the foil for Babe Ruth's greatest grandstand play; of leukemia; in Hollister, Calif. With his blazing right-hand delivery, Root was a star in his own right, running up a 201-160 record (best year: 1927 with 26-15) over 17 seasons. But he is best known for that day in the 1932 World Series when the Babe, in response to a fan's heckling, pointed to the bleachers, then blasted a Root pitch over the centerfield stand to the cheers of 51,000 witnesses.

Died. Johannes Urzidil, 74, Prague-born writer, close friend and disciple of Franz Kafka, best known for *There Goes Kafka*, in which he explained that his mentor's tense angular sketches were not mere doodles, as many critics

thought, but graphic expressions of individuality lost in authoritarian bureaucracy; of a stroke; in Rome.

Died. Richard Cardinal Cushing, 75, retired archbishop of Boston and confessor for the Kennedys (see RELIGION).

Died. Robert S. Lynd, 78, noted Columbia sociologist and co-author, with his wife Helen, of *Middletown* (1929) and *Middletown in Transition* (1937), classic profiles of a typical U.S. city; of heart disease; in Warren, Conn. Middletown was really Muncie, Ind., which the Lynds studied for years. Its citizens were not flattered to learn that by and large they regarded success as a matter of mere money, had no real sense of understanding for their poor, and hardly more for their own children.

Died. Stanley C. Allyn, 79, retired board chairman of the National Cash Register Co., who spent a lifetime traveling the globe in tireless promotion of U.S. wares and ideas; in Greenwich, Conn. Assuming the presidency in 1940, he energetically prepared N.C.R. for the postwar boom, then, just as the Germans surrendered, sailed for Europe, where N.C.R. immediately began building new factories. By his retirement in 1961, he had not only expanded overseas operations almost 20-fold but had diversified his company into the manufacture of new bookkeeping machines and computers.

THE WATCH WITH THE LOOK OF TOMORROW.

Gold-tone case; self winding, seventeen jewel Swiss movement; calendar. \$67.50. At fine stores everywhere.



The Gruen Watch Co., New York, N. Y., Geneva, Switzerland; Toronto, Canada. Factory, Bienne, Switzerland.

GRUEN®

BUSINESS

Nixon's Temptation to Shift Policy

ABOARD Air Force One on the flight back to Washington from San Clemente on the day after last week's elections, President Nixon huddled with advisers to discuss the budget that he will send to Congress in January. Over the next few weeks, he will have to decide how much he dares to spend to get the economy moving faster. There is a good chance that he will let the budget drift into a big deficit for 1972, even at the fearful risk of running a higher rate of inflation than he wants.

Economic issues, especially rising unemployment, hurt some Republicans severely in congressional and gubernatorial races. Unemployment now stands at 5.6%. The President knows that the economy must do better before he faces the voters again. He has pledged by mid-1972 to restore "full employment," which his aides define as a jobless rate of about 4%.

Ways to Speed Up. The task will be formidable, if not impossible. Herbert Stein, a member of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, calculates that if full employment is to be reached on schedule, real gross national product—*not* counting price increases—must grow at an annual rate of 6%. His estimate closely parallels the view of Democrat Walter Heller, a former CEA chairman. Said Heller last week: "I am happy to see that they are starting to catch up with our arithmetic." The economy is far away from Stein's goal. Real G.N.P. rose only 1.4% in this year's third quarter, and it may decline in the current quarter if the General Motors strike drags on much longer.

There are two major ways to speed up the growth rate. The Government must either run a sizable budget deficit or rapidly expand the money supply by more than 7% annually. The Federal Reserve Board has been pumping the money out at a 4% to 5% rate this year. It would probably be willing to increase that rate substantially only if Nixon tried to contain the inflationary effects by adopting an "incomes policy"—some form of wage-price guidelines, or at least direct and vigorous White House preaching against excessive increases. That sensible idea has been steadily gaining among private business leaders and even reluctant Government policymakers. Nixon, however, has consistently rejected the notion as unworkable, almost sinful and cer-

tainly inimical to free-market principles.

The President's best device for pepping up the economy seems to be the budget. Aides say that he will send to Congress a fiscal 1972 budget with a planned deficit—amount uncertain—to follow the unplanned deficit of about \$15 billion that the Government is likely to run this fiscal year. That will be distasteful for a Republican President, especially Nixon. He has consistently, and correctly, blamed inflation on the deficit run up by Lyndon Johnson. Administration officials are bandying about ideas for making the deficit look smaller than they expect it really to be. Treasury leaders, for example, are urging the President to propose a "value-added" tax—a complex kind of sales tax widely used in Europe—and to include the revenues that it would produce in his budget estimates. Almost no one in Washington thinks that Congress would pass such a tax.

Nixon, of course, must by law present an official budget estimating what revenues actually will be. But the President has begun to distract attention

from the forthcoming deficit by stressing an idea known as the "full-employment budget." This is a theoretical measure that, instead of calculating actual Government income, figures how much the U.S. would have taken in if there were full employment. Thus, a deficit under ordinary accounting might well turn out to be a surplus in the full-employment budget. Example: in this fiscal year, the Government stands to spend about \$210 billion and collect roughly \$195 billion, thus running a deficit of \$15 billion or so. But under full-employment accounting, the U.S. would show a surplus—because it would have taken in well over \$210 billion if the optimum number of people had jobs.

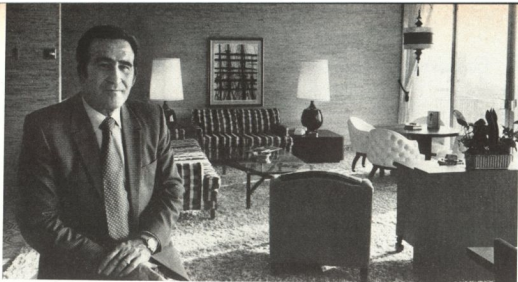
That Extra Lift. While this fiddling with figures may seem like another bit of political gimmickry, it is economically sound. The full-employment budget is a fairly reliable gauge for determining whether the amount of Government spending is restraining or stimulating the economy. To stimulate the current slack economy, a fairly large full-employment deficit is called for.

The key figure in Nixon's current discussions of full-employment budgeting is close to \$230 billion. That is what present tax rates probably would bring in during fiscal 1972 at full employment. Nixon's dilemma is whether to hold federal spending to about that level or let outlays go still higher. So far, his aides have been passing word to department heads that spending is to be held to \$225 billion. That strategy would allow Nixon to claim, correctly, that a planned deficit in the official budget would not be inflationary. But it would hold out little hope of lifting the economy toward full employment by mid-1972.

Nixon thus will be sorely tempted to shift policy and give an extra boost to production, profits and jobs by allowing Government spending to rise still higher. Some Administration officials think that such a course would risk starting again the price spiral that the U.S. has only begun to curb, but they are frankly afraid that the boss will do it. Nixon and his advisers, says one Administration economist, "discovered that inflation started slowing down after the economy slowed down. Now they may do the reverse: speed up the economy and let the inflation come afterward—after the 1972 elections."



SIGNING UP FOR JOBLESS PAY
A big deficit, whatever they call it.



GAGOSIAN IN SAN DIEGO MOTEL ROOM
More exciting than home.

MOTELS

Riches from Royal Treatment

As the sun sinks slowly over the rim of the steering wheel, where is a vacationing family likely to put in for the night?

At the first "vacancy" sign they see, say the executives of Holiday Inns, the nation's most ubiquitous innkeeper. At the first cheap place they can find, contend the officers of Motel 6, a chain whose \$6-a-person basic rate has inspired competitors across the nation to pare their prices. "At my place," answers Earl Gagosian, president of a California-based chain of just about the most expensive motels in the country.

Lately, more and more people have been staying at Earl's. In the first half of 1970, a relatively bad year for the motel industry, profits of Gagosian's 40 Royal Inns in eleven states have tripled, to \$389,000. Room occupancy is down 7% nationwide, Royal Inns' is up 6.7%. This month Royal Inns will open four new motels, one a 15-story inn that will be the largest building in Anchorage, Alaska. Nine others are being built in California, Arizona, Georgia and Florida.

Log-Burning Fireplaces. The secret behind the five-year-old empire's paradoxical success is expensive, self-indulgent luxury. "We want to give the guest something more striking and exciting than he left behind," Gagosian explains. "The old motels that offer nothing much more than shelter are being wiped out."

At Royal Inns, they cannot avoid getting more. Gagosian places his newest motels in the middle of downtown areas—often miles from the main highways, but convenient to theaters and stores. Behind gold-and-white façades are elegantly designed rooms. In addition to free color TV and vibrating bed, Royal Inn rooms typically have white satin bedspreads, deep-pile carpeting, antique-white furniture and a full wall-size mural. Some rooms are equipped with bars, refrigerators and log-burning fireplaces. All Royal Inns have swimming

pools, sauna baths and therapy pools at no extra charge. Some, like the year-old Royal Inn-at-the-Wharf in the company's headquarters town, San Diego, have a gymnasium. The Royal Inn planned for Anaheim, Calif., will have a movie theater with free admission for guests. Royal rooms do not come cheap: as much as \$20 for a single, \$30 for a double, and \$250 for the "high roller" suite in Las Vegas.

Besides Gagosian's gimmicks, there are other reasons for the upsurge in luxury motels. In many suburbs the cocktail lounge of the local motel has become an after-hours social center. Vacationing patrons of the nation's 427,000 campsites often make periodic visits to a motel for a shower and a respite from the rigors of outdoor life. And increasing numbers of Americans, reluctant to fight traffic, spend their vacations or long weekends at a cushy motel right in their own town.

Poured Foundation. Gagosian, 46, was one of the first to recognize such trends. Son of an Armenian immigrant who was converted to Mormonism ("I'll bet I'm the only Armenian Mormon you ever met"), Gagosian literally helped pour the foundation of the nation's motel industry. In a 20-year career as a hardhat construction worker and later as vice president in charge of construction for Travelodge Corp., he helped build more than 300 motels. He tired of duplicating Travelodge's basic pattern, and in 1965 assembled three fellow employees and \$50,000 to build his own motels. All four founders have since become wealthy, mostly through stock options. Counting splits and stock dividends, the shares of Royal Inns have multiplied 19 times since the company was founded. This week the shares will be traded for the first time on the American Stock Exchange.

Mindful of Gagosian's success, other innkeepers are moving away from the motel industry's tradition of standard-sized shelter. Holiday Inns, for example, is planning an elaborate motel-resort at

Hialeah near Miami. But Gagosian, who well remembers his hard life on the construction crew, has built a margin of safety into his luxury empire. "If times should get really bad in the economy," he says, "there is not a room in our chain that we couldn't rent for \$8—and pay our expenses at 70% occupancy."

JAPAN

The Yen Stops Here

Imagine that after a junior officer in a Chase Manhattan Bank branch was caught with his hand in the till, Chairman David Rockefeller was hauled before Congress to apologize and given a 30% pay cut. It could never happen in the U.S., where responsibility only goes so far. But much the same thing has happened in Japan.

Yoshizane Iwasa, president of the Fuji Bank, which is Japan's largest, found himself held to account for an embezzlement by a minor loan officer in a Tokyo branch. Masao Suganuma, 41, was arrested for taking \$5,270,000 through phony loans. Once word got out, President Iwasa was summoned before the finance committee of Japan's Diet to explain and apologize. Last week the bank's board, of which Iwasa is a member, cut the pay of Iwasa and other officers and directors by as much as 30% for the next six months. The directors canceled their own bonuses, totaling \$72,000, for the two quarters ending in September. They decided that they had to share a collective responsibility for not having discovered the defalcation earlier.

Because of the embezzlement, the bank's profit for the two quarters came to only \$30 million, down 1.3% from the same period last year. It was the first earnings drop in six years. Though all but \$2,000,000 of the embezzled funds will eventually be recovered from Suganuma, members of Japan's financial community figure that the incident will continue to have a profound effect on Fuji Bank's leaders.

East-West Trade: Wielding a Tender Sword

The West's most effective weapon in the historic contest with Communism is not its costly and far-flung military establishment, but its superior capacity for economic progress. In a figurative sense, we can only conquer the East with the tender sword of commercial and industrial cooperation, and the human freedoms that go with it. The conquest will be even more tender in that deeply within the psyche it is deeply desired by the victim.

SO writes International Lawyer Samuel Pissar in the introduction to the French version of his new book, *Commerce and Coexistence*. The book, which has also appeared in West Germany and the U.S., is a comprehensive if sometimes overly optimistic guide to the promises of East-West trade. Its publication could hardly have been better timed. The Soviet Union is in the midst of a shopping spree that may be unparalleled in history.

In an effort to acquire the modern technology that they have failed to develop sufficiently themselves, the Soviets are dangling before the eyes of Western and Japanese businessmen trade deals amounting to some \$12 billion over the next few years. They want to buy a heavy-truck factory from West Germany, a freight-containerization system from Britain and petrochemical plants from France. They are negotiating deals totaling more than \$1 billion with the British for the construction of copper and nickel plants in Siberia and the modernization of the port of Murmansk. They are buying Italian machines for making a wide range of products, including drip-dry clothing, ice cream and bread sticks. In addition, the Russians hint that they intend to pur-

chase abroad a vast line of equipment to furnish a dozen major airports and 200 smaller fields over the next 20 years.

East-West trade last year accounted for only 3.9% of the world's \$273 billion flow of goods. Slight as it seems, the figure is extremely important politically. While the leaders of the Communist countries would certainly resist any attempt by the tender sword to slice into their control at home, they are nonetheless prepared to make diplomatic gestures in order to enhance trading opportunities with the West. The Soviet willingness to reach an accommodation regarding West Berlin (see

THE WORLD) and the cordial treatment accorded France's President Georges Pompidou on his recent visit to Moscow reflected the desire for economic and scientific help from the West. Russia has also begun to forge two more economic links by opening trade negotiations in Moscow with Ireland and the Benelux countries.

The American Log. There is a feast ahead in East-West trade, says Pissar, and he has written his book for those who want to partake of it. A Pole by birth, a survivor of Auschwitz, and a U.S. citizen by a special act of Congress, Pissar was a staff member of the Senate Foreign Trade Committee and later worked for the Kennedy Administration's trade task force. He wrote the proposals on East-West trade that became part of the 1962 Trade Expansion Act. Today, at 41, he is a Paris-based attorney whose clients include Borg Warner, RCA and South Africa's De Beers.

Pissar has served as counsel on many trade deals with the East, including the building of Pan Am's Intercontinental hotels in Bucharest and Budapest. He laments the fact that the U.S. lags far behind Western Europe and Japan in opening up trade with the East bloc. Until now, American corporations have been discouraged by the complexity of dealing with the Communists, as well as by criticism at home from stockholders and customers. The Soviets have sought to buy computers from IBM, but so far the company does not seem eager to do much business with them. Henry Ford was invited to build a truck plant in Russia, but he backed away from the proposal after Defense Secretary Melvin Laird publicly warned that Ford's trucks might ultimately end up



SAMUEL PISSAR

Dos and Don'ts of Dealing with the Reds

NEGOTIATING with the Communists in their home countries can be a vexing and perplexing experience for Western businessmen. A brief guide:

- ▶ Be yourself. Communists are eager to meet a genuine capitalist. One Manhattan lawyer suppressed the fact that his offices were on Wall Street, until he learned that his negotiating partners were intrigued by the thought of dealing with a real Wall Street lawyer.

- ▶ Bring your negotiating partners gifts—small ones. Anything from the West is apt to interest them.

- ▶ Discuss politics, if the other side wants to, but keep your cool. Most Communists at the negotiating level are relatively sophisticated politically and will respect a candid explanation of a Western country's position. Don't expect them to agree with you. The best you can hope for is a good-humored standoff.

- ▶ Don't try to speak the local language during negotiations, even if you can. Translators are more precise, and give both sides time to reflect before making replies.

- ▶ Invite your negotiating partners to visit you in your country. They may not be able to accept, but they will be flattered.

- ▶ Arrange for arbitration by neutral parties of any disputes that may eventually arise under the deal. The Swedes and Swiss or the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris are sound choices.

- ▶ Don't bring your wife, unless she likes to read, walk or visit museums; she may become lonely. Communist negotiators do not take their wives to the dinners that they will give for you.

- ▶ Don't try to appear sympathetic to Communism. Show respect for their sys-

tem and compliment them on what they do well, but any overdone praise of Communism is likely to seem phony.

- ▶ Don't break any of the currency regulations. The black-market exchange rate for Western money will be much higher than the official rate, but a violation could weaken your position as a negotiator. Also, leave the local girls alone; they probably report to the secret police.

- ▶ Don't try to talk tough to speed up the negotiations. Your negotiating partners are required to check back with superiors and clear everything through many layers of bureaucracy. They may be moving as fast as they can. Occasionally, however, a ruse can help. One Western negotiator recently called his secretary back at headquarters and told her to expect him home soon because it was impossible to bring off the deal. He was hoping that the call was buggy. The next day his Russian negotiators said that they were ready to sign a contract.



George Lester
has spent all
of his 52 years in
Pennsylvania,
except for three weeks
last summer.

He doesn't suspect
that his airline ticket,
flight map and even
his Mexican road map
were produced by
Rand McNally.
But he knows
our travel guides.
Every one of them.

Rand McNally

publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers





WORKERS IN RUSSIAN FIAT PLANT
Exchange takes out fuses.

rumbling down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Pissar thinks that that was a mistake. He asks: "What could have been a greater admission of the economic failure of Communism than to invite Henry Ford, the epitome of American capitalism and patriotism, to come to the heart of the Soviet Union to show the Russians how to build trucks?"

Aimed at the Midriff. Pissar argues that increased economic contacts with the West will work important political changes on the Communist system. He rejects the old cold war tenet that trade with the East will enhance its military capacity; he points out that the Soviet Union has attained nuclear parity with the U.S. anyway. "What we sell them goes to their midriffs, not their biceps," says Pissar. "Trade will take the fuses out of their ideology." He believes that "increased trade helps the East to evolve into consumer societies, that a 'fat' Communist is a peaceful Communist."

While overstated, and in part naive as far as Russia is concerned, Pissar's thesis is more relevant to Yugoslavia, Poland and the other Eastern countries, where increased contacts are part of a reform that also entails a measure of political relaxation. A notable exception is Rumania, where President Nicolae Ceausescu combines a liberal, Western-oriented trade policy with a repressive domestic atmosphere at home. By the same token, the Soviet Union may well be shopping abroad for technology simply because it wants to avoid political liberalization.

As Columbia Sovietologist Severin Bialer points out, if the Soviets were to try developing a wide spectrum of advanced technology on their own, they would have to give Russian scientists a freer climate of inquiry and increased intellectual exchanges with the outside world. The Kremlin's leaders are aware

that West German Chancellor Willi Brandt, France's Pompidou and other Western statesmen hope to use trade as a means of converting Soviet society into one that would be consumer-oriented and less militant. But the Soviets are interested in trade only to enhance their economic strength and political power.

Even so, Moscow's decision to buy its way into modern technology represents a sharp break with established Soviet policy. From the mid-1930s onward, Stalin aimed at absolute Soviet autarky and a complete separation of the Communist market from the capitalist one. While Khrushchev bought a few industrial plants from the West, he also was eager to prove Communism's inherent superiority over capitalism by excelling in economic performance without outside help. Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin have been forced to concede that, despite its spectacular performance in space and the military, the Soviet Union remains an underdeveloped country that is lagging ever farther behind the West in petrochemicals, computers and other areas that will be crucial to economic development in the last part of the century.

In a rare use of pressure on Moscow, Eastern European countries helped push Russia to open up trade with the capitalists. The Eastern Europeans, whose industries in some respects are more developed than those in the Soviet Union, are already reaching out for urgently needed Western machinery and technology. Hungary, for example, has 42 joint industrial ventures with Western European firms, and Yugoslavia 28. Since the Russians realize that they cannot halt the present trend in Eastern Europe without a tremendous show of force, they have decided to join it. That way, they hope to ex-

ercise a degree of control over the development of East-bloc economic ties with the West.

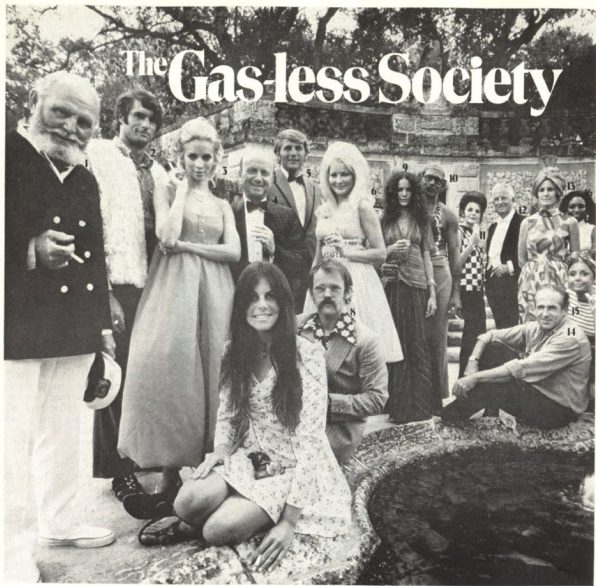
Western European firms are already benefiting from trade with the East. As a result of Fiat's deal to build an \$800 million auto plant in Russia's Togliattigrad on the Volga River, 140 other Italian firms received \$200 million in orders for components. A similar fallout should result once Germany's Daimler-Benz and France's Renault begin a projected \$1.5 billion heavy-truck plant. For the future, Pissar foresees the development of the "transideological corporation," in which, as he puts it, "capitalist and Communist interests have joint equity in a joint board of directors and joint management." There are several ventures like that already, but the disadvantage for Western businessmen is that the Eastern partner is the state, which retains complete veto rights over the corporation.

Pissar concedes that even "if international tensions could disappear with the wave of a magic wand," a number of obstacles would remain. The greatest is the fact that the Communist nations, with the exception of Yugoslavia, lack hard currency to pay for large-scale purchases from the West. Thus the deals must be worked out either as credit sales or barter. West Germany, Austria and Italy are already delivering pipelines against future deliveries of Ukrainian and Siberian natural gas.

The huge and unbending Communist trade bureaucracy is another barrier. Western businessmen usually must negotiate through trade officials and sometimes never even meet the plant manager who will use the equipment. Often the negotiations are also drawn out and wastefully time consuming. The rigidities of state planning are a further handicap. Recently, one West European automaker offered to sell Czechoslovakia autos at a 5% discount and to throw in three gas stations free—provided that the sale was for at least 6,000 cars. But since Prague's rigid plan called for only 5,648 autos to be bought abroad, the Czechoslovaks bought the smaller number from the automaker and paid a higher total price.

Furious at Washington. The West also maintains barriers. NATO and Japan still have long embargo lists of items, including some sophisticated machine tools and computers. (Thus IBM would have had to get exemptions from the embargo in order to do much business with the East.) Each member of the NATO committee can strongly pressure others to stop sales. Last month the British representatives were furious because Washington refused to allow a sale of two British-made computers worth \$12 million to an atom-smashing center near Moscow.

The U.S. has its own, more extensive embargo list; it runs to 200 pages and includes automotive equipment and electronic components, which are in



Different people like Lark for different reasons.

For instance, the Captain (1), Nina (3) and Tony (8) like Lark because they know that most of cigarette smoke is gas. That certain of these gases are harsh tasting. And that Lark's Gas-Trap filter does a better job of reducing these gases than any Other Popular Brand on the scene.

On the other hand, Kay (15), and Bob (14), like us because, to clean smoke, our Gas-Trap filter is made from the same kind of charcoal that space capsules use to clean air.

Barbara's reason is that she thinks our filter looks cute (6).

The Gas-less Society: All in all, they have only one thing in common—an uncommon cigarette.

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Reasons 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 16 are all a simple matter of taste. They hate the taste of gas, which means they love the taste of Lark.

great demand in the East. Last year restrictions on more than 1,000 items were loosened; U.S. sales to the East are expected this year to climb 29% over 1969, reaching \$320 million. By contrast, West Europe's sales to the East bloc were \$5.8 billion last year, and the figure is rising at a 20% annual rate.

The Americans are being left behind in a market that shrewd Western European and Japanese businessmen obviously feel has potential. Siemens, Daimler-Benz, Renault, Fiat, Hitachi and many others sense a profitable long-term relationship with the East. The U.S. does not, of course, sell equipment of direct military value to the Communist bloc. But in other areas, Washington could sharply pare the embargo list. Equally important, the Administration could extend export insurance to East-bloc countries, much as Western European nations and Japan already do. The U.S. now gives most-favored-nation tariff treatment to Yugoslavia and Poland; Washington should extend that privilege to other Eastern countries as well. Increased trade alone will not bring East-West peace, but it may help U.S. companies. If the Communists cannot buy what they want in Cleveland or Manhattan, they can—and will—get it in Milan or Disseldorf.

ENTERPRISE

The Rich Pornocopia

Despite the nation's economic difficulties and tightened household budgets, the pornography business is wallowing in pay dirt. The market for erotic books, films and paraphernalia, which are sold mostly to the middle class and middle aged, has increased by an estimated 300% in the past five years. Police experts figure that annual sales of pornography are about \$500 million, and some put the total as high as \$2 billion.

Pornography's outsize profits are attracting many investors. Stock in Grove Press, a pioneer publisher of salacious books and U.S. distributor of foreign sex films, is now sold on the open market. Trading is scheduled to begin next month in the shares of another purveyor of erotica, Olympia Press; its latest skin flick, *Barbara*, cost \$32,000 to make, grossed \$11,700 in its second week in Manhattan and is scheduled for national distribution.

Weighing the Profits. In New York City, members of the Mafia's Colombo, Lucchese and Genovese families are muscling in on the rich pornocopia, bringing new money and organization to the fractionalized trade. Since the syndicate took over the two-bit peep-show machines, the grainy amateur films featuring fading strippers have been replaced by slick color productions with sound, stories and attractive young models. Each movie is twelve minutes long, but in most machines viewers must drop in a fresh quarter for every two-minute

segment. The 69 peep-show emporiums in midtown Manhattan bring in an estimated \$5,000,000 a year. Bookkeeping is wildly informal; some distributors split the take with the shop owners by weighing bags of quarters on a scale that they carry from store to store.

Full-length feature films make up by far the most profitable and fastest growing segment of the porn business. There can be big money in the shoestring "sexploitation" flicks, which are ground out in backyards and garages by youngsters with hand-held cameras. *Man and Wife*, produced in Los Angeles 18 months ago by Matt Cimber for \$32,000, has grossed \$4,500,000 so far. Alan Roberts, 23, a partner in SAE Productions of Los Angeles, reports that his company recovered its \$45,000 investment

cost of about \$2 to \$4 each. Black-and-white stag movies retail for about \$25; in color they cost \$50.

Shorting the Author. The growing mail-order trade is still something of a cottage industry made up of small dealers, many of whom operate out of warehouse offices and lofts. Ads for their wide assortment of items—vibrators, costumes, imitation sexual organs—appeal to every kind of sex fantasy, but the promises are not always matched by the product. Printed matter is still the most common form of porn, much of it supplied by such relatively new publishing houses as Los Angeles' Oxford Bindery and Manhattan's Olympia. San Diego's Greenleaf Classics churns out 36 titles a month, each with a 30,000 print order. "I have never lost money

on a sex book," says Bill Hambling, Greenleaf's chief. Many smut books are printed in regular union shops during the slack early-morning hours; shops sometimes charge five times as much to print hard-core porn as regular books.

Even so, the average porn paperback costs no more than 25¢ to produce. The publisher then sells it for about \$1 to wholesalers like Cleveland's giant Sovereign News Co. The shortest end of the take goes to the authors—some of them teachers, housewives and journalists—who are lucky to clear \$250 a book. Chicago's Loop now has about 20 "adult" bookstores, which also sell records, playing cards and other assorted forms of erotica; San Francisco has 60 stores, and Los Angeles 100.

About three years ago, as a result of court decisions liberalizing what could legally be put on sale, the market for salacious magazines picked up swiftly. Total nudity is now common. Some of the more explicit publications, showing sexual acts, sell under the counter for as much as \$10

and \$15. Sex tabloids are also cashing in—usually at 50¢ a copy. *Screw*, the genre's prototype, was started by two young journalists and the wife of one of them on a \$350 investment. It grossed \$650,000 in the first year.

The latest development is the live sex show, in which a naked couple perform before viewers, who pay up to \$15 to watch, often in dingy, airless backrooms. At least half a dozen live showplaces have opened in Manhattan. In Los Angeles, four bars and three movie-houses have started live shows within the past two months. One bar owner there sums up the economics of the trend: "I had a regular beer bar here, and I was lucky if I took in \$80 a night. Now I get a couple onstage, pay them \$10, charge a \$3 cover and \$1.25 for a glass of tap beer that costs me a nickel. Even on a bad night I come out with \$600."



DIRECTING "ZODIAC" MOVIE SCENE
A victory for the trade balance.

in *Zodiac Couples* within three months after its release. In San Francisco, two brothers, Art and Jim Mitchell, dropped out of college to produce their Cinema 7 nude flicks and show them in their own theater, The O'Farrell. They now earn an estimated \$500,000 a year. So busy are the makers of porn films in San Francisco that they have depressed the market for imported sex movies, and are now selling their own products abroad—a small victory for the nation's trade balance.

In terms of profits on invested capital, grime pays even more handsomely for producers of stag films for the home. The male "actors" in these movies are often paid nothing—they do it for the sport—the women usually get no more than \$25 or \$35 for the whole show. The biggest expense is processing the film. From a single master copy, the producer can make 250,000 prints at a

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Walston & Co., Inc.

Wood, Struthers & Winthrop Inc.

November 6, 1970

THE LAW

Sheriffs 1970-Style

To many in the U.S., the only sheriffs left ride the limitless wastes of TV. But sheriffs thrive in most of the nation's 3,049 counties, many as political bigwigs, some as serious law enforcers. Of those who ran for office last week, a few seemed more than routine.

► George Kimball, 26, a self-styled leader of the street people around the University of Kansas in Lawrence, became the official Democratic candidate for sheriff of Douglas County by filing for the primary 30 minutes before the deadline, fully aware that no other Democrats were running. He promised "Free everything for everybody." As for the marijuana and LSD problem, he said, "I would utilize laws governing fraud, truth in

more than a hint of political patronage and monetary kickbacks. Named to the job earlier this year when the longtime Democratic incumbent died, Republican John J. Buckley immediately reformed the office. He hired guidance specialists for the house of corrections, which the sheriff runs, moved to separate juvenile prisoners from older offenders, used student marshals to help keep the peace in Harvard Square and appointed as deputies old-age pensioners who have a set maximum income. Despite heavy local Democratic registration, such unaccustomed winds of change swept Buckley to a surprise election victory.

► Alabama's Greene County, where the per capita income is less than \$1,000 a year, became the nation's first county to be completely governed by blacks.

BRIAN LARKER



STEVE BARKER



KIMBALL CAMPAIGNING



JUSTICE HILL

WINNER BUCKLEY

Beyond the horse-opera lawmen of the TV wastelands.

packaging and price fixing to ensure quality goods at reasonable prices." Such talk—and Kimball's hairy, earring-in-the-left-ear getup—so scared the good folk of Douglas County that nearly double the usual number of off-year election voters turned out to defeat him, 14,725 to 2,089. But they overlooked another hippie candidate, Phillip Hill, 22, who ran so quietly for justice of the peace that he was elected. Hill immediately announced that he would start marrying homosexuals and performing group marriages. Said newly elected Kansas Attorney General Vern Miller: "Just make a mental note of his name and how long it is before you hear that he has been arrested."

► The sheriff of Middlesex County in Massachusetts has long done little more than march at the head of the Harvard commencement parade and appoint deputies, who made as much as \$40,000 a year in fees for process serving. Critics charged that the office was marked by

They now fill all 14 local elective offices, including the county commission, school board, the probate judgeship and the sheriff's office—the key political job in much of the rural South. Having narrowly defeated the white incumbent, Big Bill Lee, whose family had held the job for 47 years, Thomas Earl Gilmore, 31, a minister, will be the new sheriff.

► The ski resort of Aspen, Colo., is getting so spoiled by runaway commercialism that Author Hunter Thompson (*Hell's Angels*), who calls himself "a foul-mouthed outlaw journalist," figured that a shrill anti-progress campaign might just get him elected sheriff of Pitkin County. "Sod the streets, ban autos!" he cried. "Savagely harass land rapists!" By describing the job as "main pig," the shaved-skull exponent of "freak power" put off the conservative electorate, but the ecology issue is so big in Aspen that according to unofficial tabulations, Thompson lost by only 455 votes—1,523 to 1,068.

Taxing the Public Interest

Few young Americans have done more to "work within the system" than a growing band of lawyers who toil overtime honing a new tool of social reform—the public-interest law firm. Convinced that established law firms have hired the nation's best legal minds to concentrate on serving rich corporate clients, the young lawyers have started their own firms to fight for consumer, conservation and other under-represented interests.

In little more than two years of operation, firms like Washington's Center for Law and Social Policy have scored courtroom victories against such giants as General Motors and the rich, tough oil industry. They have stayed alive largely on their eager enthusiasm and their tax-exempt status as charitable organizations.

First Amendment Threat. Last month their opponents got some help from an unexpected source: the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS announced that it was starting a 60-day study that would decide whether to revoke the tax-exempt status of public-interest firms such as those taking corporations to court on pollution and consumer issues. At the same time, the IRS froze applications pending the study's completion. Although corporations routinely deduct legal fees as business expenses, IRS officials suggested that the law firms' tax exemption may wrongly support only one side to a lawsuit in cases where the public interest is unclear. But regardless of the outcome of a suit, says Dean Bernard Wolfman of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, the public interest is served when the two sides to an issue compete in the courtroom. Adds Wolfman, a tax law expert: "The IRS approach seeks to effect a reversal of settled Internal Revenue law by its strained, unjustified new interpretation."

Some supporters of the public-interest firms immediately accused the Nixon Administration of meddling on behalf of big business. Strong criticism of the IRS came from one of the Administration's staunch backers, House Republican Leader Gerald Ford wired the White House that the proposed IRS policy change could effectively block citizen efforts to protect the environment. And North Carolina Senator Sam Ervin, a conservative Democrat, charged that the IRS denial of tax exemptions could endanger the First Amendment right to free expression. By withdrawing the exemptions for organizations seeking redress in the courts, wrote Ervin, the IRS "is striking at the heart of one of the most effective, traditional and basic American freedoms."

A preview of how the IRS could block the efforts of an ecology-minded legal organization was shown early this year, when the New York-based Natural Resources Defense Council, Inc. made an application to the IRS for

When was the last time you remembered mothers worry?



Remember—she piled so many clothes on you
that you couldn't move.
She always made you eat that extra
spoonful for good measure.
But who's complaining?
You did grow tall enough to play
center on the college basketball team.
She worried then.
She still does.
Why not call her?
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



tax-exempt status. N.R.D.C. lawyers claim they were told that they would be granted the exemption for legal activities only if they cleared prospective lawsuits beforehand. N.R.D.C. says that one of its proposed suits, contesting strip-mining practices in Kentucky, has already been effectively vetoed by the IRS.

Pocketbook Crisis. The tax threat has begun to hit other firms in the pocketbook. Charles Halpern, director of the Center for Law and Social Policy, estimates that more than half of his first year was devoted to tapping foundations and individuals for contributions. Since the IRS announcement, Halpern says, the money has virtually stopped.

As a result, the center may conceivably have to drop its suits challenging the Department of Agriculture's use of DDT and the construction of the trans-Alaskan pipeline system through one of the world's most active earthquake regions. In fact, a negative IRS ruling could close down the center and send home twelve law students, who have thrived on the work and presumably become better lawyers in the process. An adverse ruling could leave groups like Friends of the Earth and the Environmental Defense Fund with a powerful cause and no effective means to work for it. Other potential victims include Ralph Nader and his Raiders, whose investigations into big business and big Government have become legendary.

The public-interest lawyers are convinced that they will eventually have their way. If not, the IRS may only prove to many young skeptics that working "within the system" is pointless.

Demise of the Quickie Divorce

Few things in Mexico ran as smoothly as the Ciudad Juárez quickie divorce mill. The Juárez court severed 43,000 American marriages a year. Allowed to stand in much of the U.S., the divorces required the fleeting appearance of only one spouse, while the other merely agreed in writing. Juárez was so renowned that it attracted charter flights made up entirely of divorce seekers who flew in wed and flew out unwed all in less than a day.

Last week the mill ground to a halt, probably for good. The old easygoing law was quietly repealed, largely because of pressure from Mexico's federal government, which for years has been embarrassed at the image Juárez gave the country. Because it was Mexico, no one was entirely sure of what the new divorce rules were, but Eugenio Calzada, a highly respected Juárez lawyer, said flatly: "Divorces for Americans are finished." From now on, Americans will apparently have no place to which they can travel alone, shed a mate in one day and be reasonably sure that the divorce will stand up. The shortest residency requirement now available to a single-minded spouse is the six-week period authorized in Idaho and Nevada.

CINEMA

David's Irish Rose

Small lives are not the stuff of spectacle. They are not performed on a vast screen to the fife and drum of a *Colonel Bogey March*. Unfortunately, Director David Lean seems to have become so obsessed with historical immensity (*The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Doctor Zhivago*) that he has lost the capacity to focus on the troubled existence of ordinary people. The loss is plain in his wide-screen nightmare, *Ryan's Daughter*.

A pity it is too, because the little hamlet of Kirrarry, perched on the wild southwestern coast of Ireland, is populated



MITCHUM IN "DAUGHTER"
Neither Byron nor Captain Blood.

with handsome and talented characters. There is Robert Mitchum, a solid, burly movie craftsman woefully miscast as Charles Shaughnessy, the weak-shanked schoolteacher. There is Trevor Howard, who makes the crustaceous Father Collins genuinely likable and credible against almost insuperable odds. In the role of Ryan's daughter Rosy, Sarah Miles is as tremulously lovely a colleen as ever graced a Kerry hillside. The elliptical, listless script is by Robert Bolt, her real-life husband, who has to his credit the literate *A Man for All Seasons*. Bolt and Lean did not lack time or money; the film was three years in the making, cost more than \$10 million.

Heavy Breathing. But Lean has opted for bombast rather than character development, scope instead of dramatic tension. The time is 1916, and Britain's thin red line of empire is being besieged on two sides by the Boches and the Irish Republican Army. Rosy is a willful, discontented lass who scorns the bumptious town boys and chooses by de-

fault the widowed, middle-aged teacher. Shaughnessy warns her: "I only taught you about Byron and Beethoven and Captain Blood. I'm not one of them fellows myself." They marry anyway, and her wedding night is your standard virgin v. tired stag disappointment. Neither the audience nor Father Collins can mistake the meaning of her persistent frustrated sighs.

Enter Major Doryan (Christopher Jones), newly shipped from the German front with a gimpy leg and a bad case of shell shock. Doryan and Rosy fall into each other's arms the first time an imaginary artillery shell goes off in his mind. But of course all English-Irish love matches are star-crossed. Turns out that Rosy's publican father (Leo McKern) is the local informer for the British. Father surreptitiously blows the whistle on as grand a gang of Republican gunrunners as ever stepped out of the Abbey Theatre.

Lean supports his matchstick characters with the crudest possible symbolism. Rosy breathes and heaves beside a patch of openmouthed lilies as Doryan appears on the hill. Their couplings—and every potentially significant moment in the film—are drowned by the roar of the surf, the creak of windblown trees, the tap-pocketa-pocketa of a British power generator, and an overpowering score. Perhaps the rudest device of all is the misuse of John Mills as the village idiot who sees all and knows all, but can tell nothing. Like the film itself, it is scarcely worthy of Lean's demonstrated talent.

■ Mark Goodman

Fur and Feathers Flying

A knock. Felix awakens and stumbles sleepily to the door. "I have to see you, Mr. Sherman," cries a pair of plaintive Brooklyn adenoitis outside. "We make it a rule not to open the door after midnight," Felix answers. "We?" says the voice. Felix's tape recorder emits several terrifying growls. "Wolf and I. Wolf is a Doberman pinscher." The small voice tells him: "As God is my judge, I am a little girl all alone here in the hallway."

Felix (George Segal) opens the door, and it seems as if hell's fire has swept through the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel. It is the buxom neighbor he has reported to the building superintendent for prostitution. "Hello, pansy!" shrieks Doris (Barbra Streisand). "Hello, fink! Fink pansy! You rat! Rat you fruitcake! Rat fink fruitcake! Creeps as yourself don't have dogs named Wolf. What creeps like you have are little faggy hairy booty things with names like Pooky and Doodoo!"

With that, *The Owl and the Pussycot* sets out on a sea of hysteria, and their cramped tub somehow manages to stay afloat. Felix is the owl, a pedantic would-be writer who works in a Fifth Avenue bookstore. Doris is the

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pussycat, a randy stray from New York's back alleys who has been in two television commercials, a movie entitled *Cycle Sluts*, and countless beds. By the time she gets through screaming at Felix, they are both evicted—Felix wearing a skeleton suit to frighten Doris out of the hiccups, Doris clad in her best crotch-length nightgown with a pair of shocking-pink hands appliquéd on the breasts. Together they begin just the kind of odd courtship one would expect of two such urban animals. They claw, they scratch, they separate, they make up. Both are elaborately cloaked with pretense: Felix as the unpublished author, Doris as the actress-hooker.

Clawing Comedy. The film owes much to Bill Manoff's witty and engaging Broadway play (in which the pussycat was black). Director Herbert Ross



STREISAND AS PUSSYCAT
Hell's fire through the tunnel.

(Goodbye, Mr. Chips) is a former choreographer who staged Miss Streisand's musical numbers in *Funny Girl*. He took a considerable gamble in changing the pussycat part, but it has paid off handsomely.

Appearing in her first non-musical, Barbra does not sing a note, but her feline yowling is pure musical comedy. Even George Segal, a fine dramatic actor with minimal comic talents, here displays glints of honest humor. When Doris cannot fall asleep without the television going, Felix gets behind a goldfish bowl and does an uproarious series of sketches.

Occasionally, the film tries to take itself seriously, which is ludicrous. But when Streisand and Segal stick to their clawing comedy, watching the fur and feathers fly is high entertainment.

■ M.G.

Escape Artist

Escape! Few words exert such melodramatic appeal, possibly because every man feels himself some kind of prisoner. As a result, some of the world's best escapist literature has been literature about breakouts.

The McKenzie Break carries on in the unblemished tradition of such predecessors as *The Wooden Horse* and *The Great Escape*. This time the P.O.W.s are Germans, and their guards are tomies. When the camp suffers a series of riots, British Intelligence decides to send an investigator, boozy, erratic Captain Connor (Brian Keith). Between drinks, the captain interprets the unrest as a diversionary tactic. There must be something deeper underfoot, he decides—something like a tunnel. From that moment, *The McKenzie Break* becomes a lethal contest of Irish hound and German hares led by the glittering *Übermensch*, Kapitän Schluetter (Helmuth Griem).

The film employs a fashionable conceit: behind their separate training and tradition, it claims, both captains are existential twins. Balderdash. The very casting works against the theme. Griem conveys a zeal that has crystallized into fanaticism. As for Keith, he can never adopt any posture for long without questioning it. His ironic underplay is, in fact, the strength of the drama. Even with lesser actors, Director Lamont Johnson could have provided a crisp, driving movie. With this cast, *The McKenzie Break* deserves far better than its current saturation booking.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Cromwell's Missing Remains

He was the most uncommon commoner Britain has ever produced. He abolished monarchical rule, reformed the law, drew the blueprint for religious freedom. Yet he was preceded by one King Charles and followed by another. His followers were reviled or executed; his anti-Catholicism was notorious. Oliver Cromwell described himself as "a miserable and wretched creature"—but as Lord Protector he strode through England as God's appointed messenger.

It is scarcely any wonder that this ambiguous Puritan, this bigoted civil libertarian has eluded the makers of *Cromwell*. Yet it almost seems that they went out of their way to make the elusion mutual. As Director/Scenarist Ken Hughes sees it, Cromwell spent most of his time bursting into Parliament, squirming impatiently in his seat, then booming forth a set speech. Lost in the middle distance was the tentative, fluttery King Charles (Alec Guinness) whose crimes consisted of arbitrary taxation and ignorance that his nobles were cutting off the ears of outspoken foes. Happily, Guinness has his own ideas of how the role ought to be played. Hobbled by a stutter, consoled by a piety that assures him a crown in heaven, Guinness' Charles I

is a not unsympathetic custodian of decay, unable to negotiate—how could a King make bargains?—even for his own life.

Mock Bach. In the title role, however, Richard Harris is misplaced. Technically he is jarring; his voice is often so laryngitic that one expects a stage manager to step forward to announce the appearance of Mr. Harris' understudy. When his speeches are unclouded, Harris endlessly "beseeches" always "in the name of God" even more often than Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof*. But he struts with a histrionic swagger entirely out of keeping with Cromwell's Christian zeal.

The sound track also gives itself airs—usually mock Bach, which cannot let the cast alone. Even when Cromwell sees his dead son, killed in civil war, the music interrupts to shatter one of the film's few poignant moments. *Crom-*



HARRIS AS CROMWELL
Parliament of fowls.

well squanders most of its energy on background and battle. The gathering of legislators is truly a parliament of fowls, with the Earl of Manchester (Robert Morley) as a peacock of surpassing foppishness. The engagements between the Royalists and the Roundheads are conveyed with lapidary detail, down to the last cavalryman.

Such work is the triumph of the technical adviser, not the film maker. The essences of conscience and character are left unfulfilled. *Cromwell* ends with a fatuous paragraph saluting Oliver's great contributions to democratic government. It never mentions that two years after his death, the Lord Protector's bones were dug up and hanged at Tyburn. No one knows precisely where Cromwell's remains now lie, and it is vain to search for any vestige of the man in the film that bears his name.

■ S.K.

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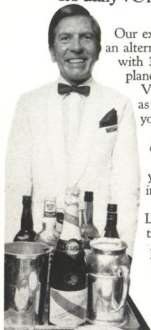


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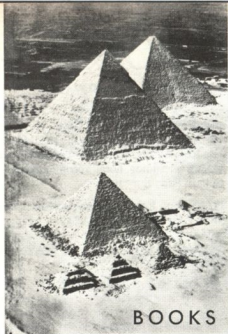
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The View from the Pyramid

THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE, VOL. II:
THE PENTAGON OF POWER by Lewis
Mumford. 496 pages. Harcourt Brace Jo-
vanovich. \$12.95.

For much of his career, Author-Urbanologist Lewis Mumford, now 75, has been an anachronistic voice from the age of Emerson, waspishly warning against overbearing scientists and runaway technology. Fashion has finally caught up with the man who more than a generation ago was all but alone in fighting superhighways and the spread of concrete. His latest and 24th book, *The Pentagon of Power*, seems remarkably fresh, as it eloquently elaborates what Mumford has been saying all along.

Mumford betrays no I-told-you-so satisfaction that pollution, congestion and violence have borne out his dire prophecies. He is too concerned with preventing further ravages by what he refers to as the "mechanical world view," the "megamachine," "technological exhibitionism"—never, thank God, the military-industrial complex. He has nothing but contempt for scientists who dream about dashing off into space or re-creating life on another planet, when they have made such a botch of this one. He quotes a mathematician defending the costly moon project: "Technological possibilities are irresistible to man. If man *can* go to the moon, he will." Why not, suggests Mumford, carry this notion to its logical conclusion: "If man has the power to exterminate all life on earth, he will."

Obsessed by the Sun. Mumford traces the origin of such urges to the 16th-century astronomer Galileo, whose unwitting crime was that he left man out of his reckoning. Preoccupied with the orderly

behavior of the planets in the heavens, Galileo, and the scientists who followed him, says Mumford, assumed that life on earth could be reduced to neat, predictable patterns. With his customary prophetic fervor, Mumford accuses Galileo of "driving man out of living nature into a cosmic desert even more peremptorily than Jehovah drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden."

The fervent science of Galileo and his followers, says Mumford, was in part a revival of the sun worship of the ancient Egyptians. Other Egyptian parallels strike Mumford's fancy. Just as the Egyptians erected vast sterile pyramids at great cost, so did the industrial age begin to mass-produce valueless goods. A far-fetched analogy? Mumford finds pyramids lurking everywhere in modern life. He includes an illustration of a supercity proposed by Buckminster Fuller that looks like a pyramid but lacks any perceptible improvement in living conditions. Even the manned space capsule "corresponds exactly to the innermost chamber of the great pyramids, where the mummified body of the Pharaoh, surrounded by the miniaturized equipment necessary for magical travel to heaven, was placed."

Life in the Ruins. The biggest pyramid of all today, writes Mumford, is the welfare state, which has created a helpless, dependent populace by ministering to its every material need—a common charge. Yet it is easy to fault the welfare state now that its benefits are taken for granted. What about those outsiders—blacks, for example—who still yearn to sample its delights? Are their stomachs to be denied for the sake of their souls? Mumford is silent on the subject. It falls outside the angle of his vision. He is persuaded that the overcentralized society cannot be re-

formed or modified, only dismantled.

He recognizes that an effort is afoot to dismantle it, led by rebellious youth. Though he approves of their yearning to reestablish contact with organic life, Mumford is too rigorous a thinker to believe that their movement offers a serious alternative to the megamachine. It is too machinelike itself, with youth running in herds that differ little from those that cram corporation offices. There is not a new consciousness but a very ancient and dubious one: a primordial desire to wipe the slate clean and make a fresh start. But a new start, says Mumford, requires people who have digested the lessons of the past, not rejected them as irrelevant.

From the Top. What's to be done? Nothing in the mass. Individuals, small groups or communities must "nibble at the edges of the power structure by breaking down routine and defying regulations." Individuals must summon the courage to renounce the bribe of the welfare state and demand more "continent production"—in other words a slower rate of economic output, a goal now being considered for the first time by economists. Mumford hopes the new continence will slowly infiltrate and change the organs of the state just as Christianity transformed Roman society.

Mumford's vision is as utopian as the "higher and farther" dreams of the technocrats. True believers are free to choose between the two. More skeptical readers may feel that Mumford, over the years of piling book upon book, has created something of a pyramid himself. If the view from the top is chilly, it makes more impressive those moments when Mumford climbs down and fixes his eye on his enduring earthly dream: humanity in intimate, loving touch with nature.

■ Edwin Warner

Recessional

A GUEST OF HONOUR by Nadine Gordimer. 504 pages. Viking. \$8.95.

The casualty list of world revolution is endlessly varied, and as S.I. Hayakawa said while bullhounding protesters off the San Francisco State campus, "There are no innocent bystanders." That includes such perfect gentlemen as Colonel James Bray, the hero of Nadine Gordimer's fifth novel.

Bray is a 54-year-old former administrator for one of Her Majesty's former African colonies. No Blimp bucking the winds of change, he was cashiered for showing too much sympathy for the local independence movement. After independence, Bray accepts an invitation to return as an educational consultant to Miss Gordimer's nameless, composite, new African nation. His professional commitment to the excruciating process of Third World nation building is complicated because the country's opposing political factions—one moderate, the other revolutionary—are led by two of his former protégés.

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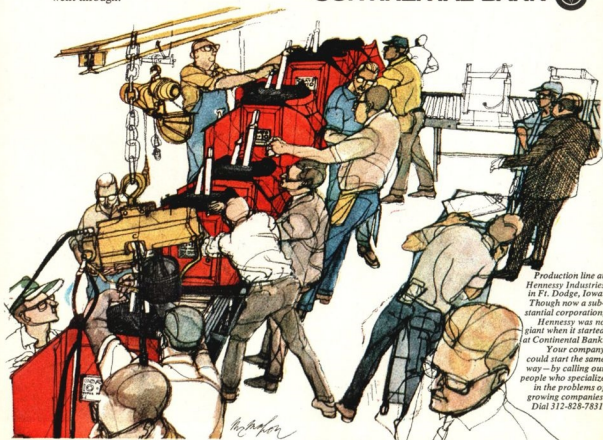
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it in an ordinary gin bottle.*
Charles Tanqueray

nary session and show off their fountain pens, the new nation's problems veer out of control. There is a rising class of paper shufflers, a groundswell of expectant unemployed, a shortage of skilled labor, a trade union movement that demands more and more at a time when the country needs sacrifices, and roving bands of young thugs and looters. The inevitable result is violence and a wave of bloodshed that finally and fatally engulfs Bray on a lonely up-country road.

Miss Gordimer, a South African noted for skillful short stories and liberal positions, lays out Bray's quiet private life and the dark continent's social issues in more than ample detail. Her principal problem, never really overcome, is how to join a low-key character to high-voltage politics without diminishing interest in either. Bray is

DAVID GARR



NADINE GORDIMER
No innocent bystanders.

too often a laboriously illustrated abstraction of honor and decency whom Miss Gordimer attempts to quicken with some peculiarly imprecise and subjective imagery.

Nevertheless, *A Guest of Honour* is an unusually honest and serious book. In his own matter-of-fact way, Bray meets the dilemma of whether to be a lip servant or a participant in a manner that does not betray himself or those he cares for. He is an old-fashioned man of private conscience and good will who is doomed in a world of arrogant passions and ruthless compromise. Miss Gordimer sympathetically brackets him between two quotations. The first is from the genteel self-exile Ivan Turgenev: "An honourable man will end by not knowing where to live." The second belongs to the Marxist guerrilla Che Guevara describing himself as an adventurer "who risks his skin to prove his platitudes."

■ R.Z. Sheppard

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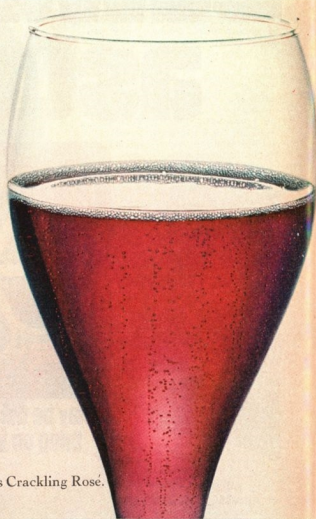
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Ralph Disney Emerson

THE PASSION OF ROBERT BRONSON
by J. M. Alonso. 236 pages. McCall.
\$5.95.

This is for the last of the New England-novel readers—the people who have stayed the course from *The Scarlet Letter* to *The Late George Apley*. These hardy few may recall no more demanding reading along the route; by comparison with Bronson, Henry James' *The Bostonians* is an act of primer realism. But what a brilliant, erratic goodbye this book is to all those Puritan ghosts who, for two centuries of fiction, have haunted the Concord woods and the cobbled streets of Beacon Hill.

Robert Bronson, "the last great New England transcendentalist," is the ghost that got away. The author of *Captain Hook's Gang*, *Sunday Mornings with Zarathustra* and other poems, Bronson is something like a son of Ahab in corduroy pants. So long as he was in and out of psychiatric wards, so long as "his true sense of sight was anger," Bronson remained a darling of the Boston literati. But then—in 1953, to be exact—Bronson transcended: He found the One, the Oversoul, the Truth, the Great Zero that Emerson and all the earlier transcendentalists only dreamed of discovering a century before.

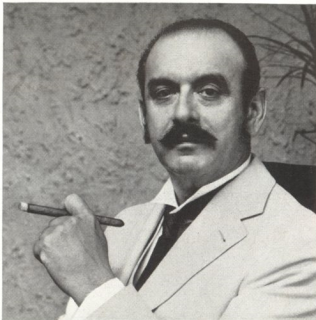
Released by this mystical perception from the ordeal of playing out his role as the last New Englander, Bronson went to Japan, and was killed in a high-speed train crash. Even more devastating, his works and life fall into the hands of a professor-critic—and intellectual mortician—named Muldoon. A pugnacious Boston Irishman, Muldoon does a reckless reconstruct job on Bronson's Yankee soul—a rambling self-parody of scholarship which forms the loose frame of the novel. Understand Bronson, and you will understand America—"our present and our future." This is mad Muldoon's thesis.

But the strongest presence in the novel—wilder than Bronson, more outrageous even than Muldoon—is the author. Born in Buenos Aires, graduated from Harvard, now a professor of Spanish and Latin American literature at Tufts, J.M. Alonso, 34, is one of the most exotic students of American character since that other Hispano-American, George Santayana. Tirelessly inventive in his theories and his jokes, Alonso exuberantly refuses to draw lines between the two. But on at least one or two points, he would seem to be speaking seriously, and for himself. Like Santayana, he knows in his Latin bones something the natives don't—that American Puritanism is an anti-passion so powerful as to disorder the reason it purports to support. Beneath their cool New England exteriors, Alonso hints, Emerson and Thoreau—and Bronson—were as gloriously crazy as his own Don Quixote. He knows how consciences can cramp under strain, how idealism can gnarl the mind. He is not joking when

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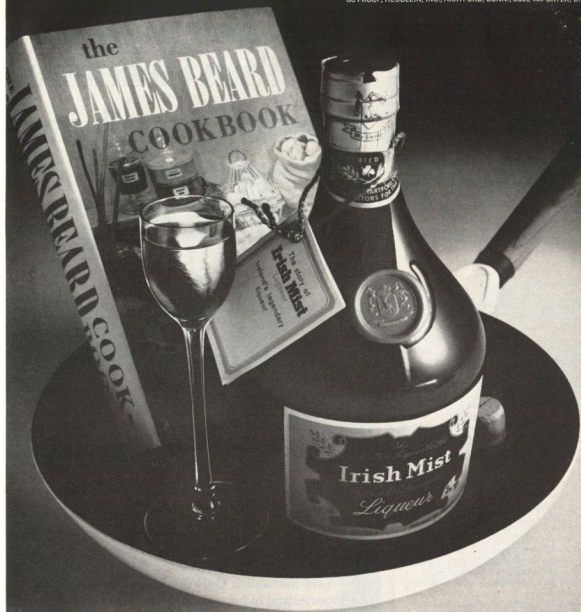
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tains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute couture. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

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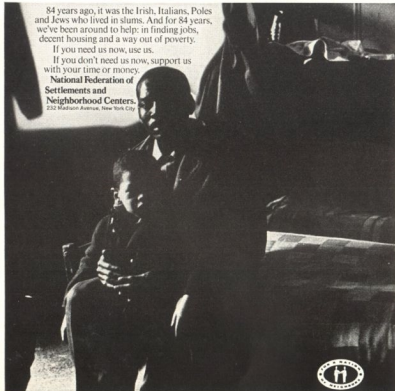
84 years ago, this man was an Irishman.

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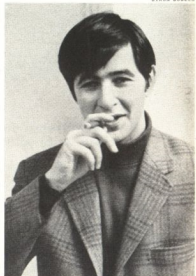
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he compares the 19th century utopian
experiment at Brook Farm with a Mas-
sachusetts mental hospital of today.

As for America, Alonso would ap-
pear to be letting Muldoon speak for
him when he sputters: "Even if New
England were to contribute more tran-
scendentalists now, they too would be ex-
actly like the produce from the rest of
the nation: somehow Californian, he-
donistic Pollyannas who betray in their
every drug-scented utterance their own

BYRON DOBELL



J. M. ALONSO

Son of Ahab in corduroy pants.

fundamentally middle-class, consumer's
approach to the Great Questions."

Mad Bronson, mad Muldoon, and
mad Alonso may be right—this is the age
of Ralph Disney Emerson. But what
marvelously alive exceptions they make
to the rule of blandness.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Notable:

INTER ICE AGE 4 by Kobo Abé. 228
pages. Knopf, \$5.95.

Creator of a haunting Kafkaesque
nightmare, *The Woman in the Dunes*,
and an existential detective story, *The
Ruined Map*, Author Kobo Abé has the
traditional Japanese knack of taking fa-
miliar literary inputs and converting
them into exotically fascinating readouts.
His latest effort is a fictional foray into
political science fiction.

In *Inter Ice Age 4*, sophisticated com-
puters concur in predicting that "the fu-
ture would see a Communist society"
throughout the world. At the same time,
however, the polar icecaps have begun
to thaw, threatening another age of gla-
ciers. How then will an earthbound and
capitalistic society survive? Abé sets up
a group of underworldly scientists who
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men into aquatic animals. These new
creatures will live on underwater con-
tinents, safe from the looming ice age



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and the global Communist takeover. Ingenious, but even if it meant nothing less than the survival of capitalism, would you rather have your son a fish?

THE ONLY WAR WE'VE GOT by Derek Maitland. 270 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

After *Catch-22*'s painful revel in World War II, and *M*A*S*H*'s super-sanguine romp in Korea, it was inevitable that someone should take up Viet Nam. This first novel by a British journalist who covered the war is effectively mordant about military decadence, debauchery and destruction.

In Maitland's view there is no humanity in such a war and the book's cast of caricatures exhibits none. They include Wilkinson, a cowardly war correspondent; a general who invents a major enemy offensive to derail the Paris peace talks (rival U.S. Army and Marine Corps units end up bombarding each other); and a CIA agent who, while posing as a beggar, learns of a *Tet* offensive against the most cherished spot in Saigon, the "Big PX."

The satire is sometimes as obvious as an antitank gun fired at a plate-glass window. At other times the book's Boschian portraits of war are frightening and fascinating.

BELLOC: A BIOGRAPHICAL ANTHOLOGY edited by Herbert Van Thal. 386 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:

His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.

Pity poor Hilaire Belloc, to whom the opposite has happened. Most of his 100 or so books are out of print, and he is remembered, if at all, for his failings: as a gruff, belligerent polemicist, who wrote biased history and ceaselessly propagandized for an eccentric mode of intolerant, muscular Catholicism.

This engaging and intelligent collection of snippets from his work, gathered to commemorate the centenary of Belloc's birth, suggests that it is time to revise the reputation of this half French but wholly British Superman of Letters.

The anthology does not hide Belloc's often absurd fixations. But it does reveal a writer of rare genius and rarer virtues, who had a Romanic love of order, ceremony and *pietas*, a raging contempt for humbug, snobism and cant, an unerring eye for the telling detail of a life or a landscape, and a blunt, stately, crisp and virile style.

DOCTOR COBB'S GAME by R.V. Cassill. 532 pages. Bernard Geis. \$7.95.

Cassill fails to seduce because cruel gods have ordained that a novelist shall not deal in occult matters in a realistic novel. Realism requires a two-inch sub-flooring, with studding not more than 18 inches apart. Besides, the author is much more adept with the occult.

The realistic and rather weary stage

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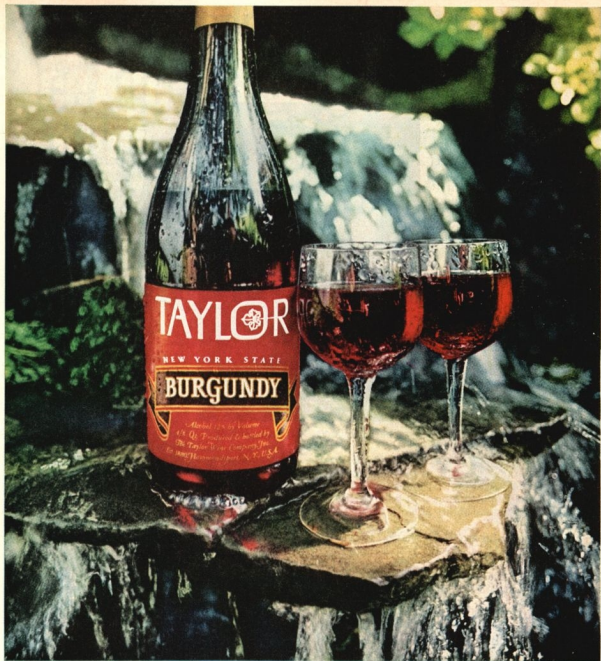


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setting before which Cassill tries his tricks is postwar Britain, and involves a Minister of War and an assortment of more or less ravishing birds more or less for hire. What sets the book apart is the extraordinary skill and imagination that the author lavishes upon the title figure, Dr. Michael Cobb. Cobb is a pander in the form of a society osteopath. Yet Cassill manages to present him sympathetically as a high-souled practitioner of black magic and sexual adept who trains a young whore to take part in a serious, occult effort to persuade the rocket-rattling minister to make love, not war.

DAVID REES AMONG OTHERS by Anthony West. 309 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

It might be thought that having created this sometimes fascinating and occasionally excruciating little chronicle about a lonely boy growing up in England just after World War I, Anthony West should not be plagued by any novel reader's knowledge that the author is the natural son of Rebecca West and H.G. Wells. Yet the book, which seems to be a fictional memoir, is profoundly preoccupied with its hero's growing awareness that the woman posing as his aunt is really his mother, and that he himself knows nothing about his father. Born in 1914, West is a semi-public figure in the U.S. For almost 20 years he has been a wide-ranging critic for *The New Yorker*. He has written seven novels, including one called *Heritage* about a boy outgrowing his resentment that his celebrated parents never bothered to marry. Reading *David Rees Among Others*, one inevitably begins to wonder what is, and what is not, literally true. The result is profoundly corrosive to that suspension of literal belief that allows a novel to work upon the imagination.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *Islands in the Stream*, Hemingway (3)
3. *Crystal Cove*, Stewart (2)
4. *The Child from the Sea*, Goudge (4)
5. *God Is an Englishman*, Delderfield (5)
6. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (7)
7. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (10)
8. *Rich Man, Poor Man*, Shaw (6)
9. *Play It As It Lays*, Didion (9)
10. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (1)
2. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (3)
3. *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer (2)
4. *Future Shock*, Toffler (4)
5. *Popillon*, Charrière (5)
6. *Body Language*, Fast (6)
7. *Zelda*, Milford (9)
8. *Sexual Politics*, Millett (7)
9. *The Wolf Street Jungle*, Ney (8)
10. *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* Vol. II, Child/Beck

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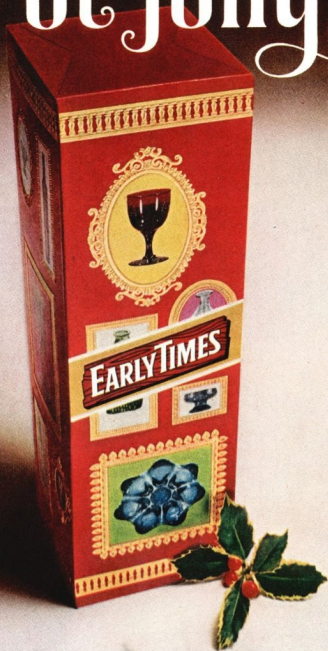
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